



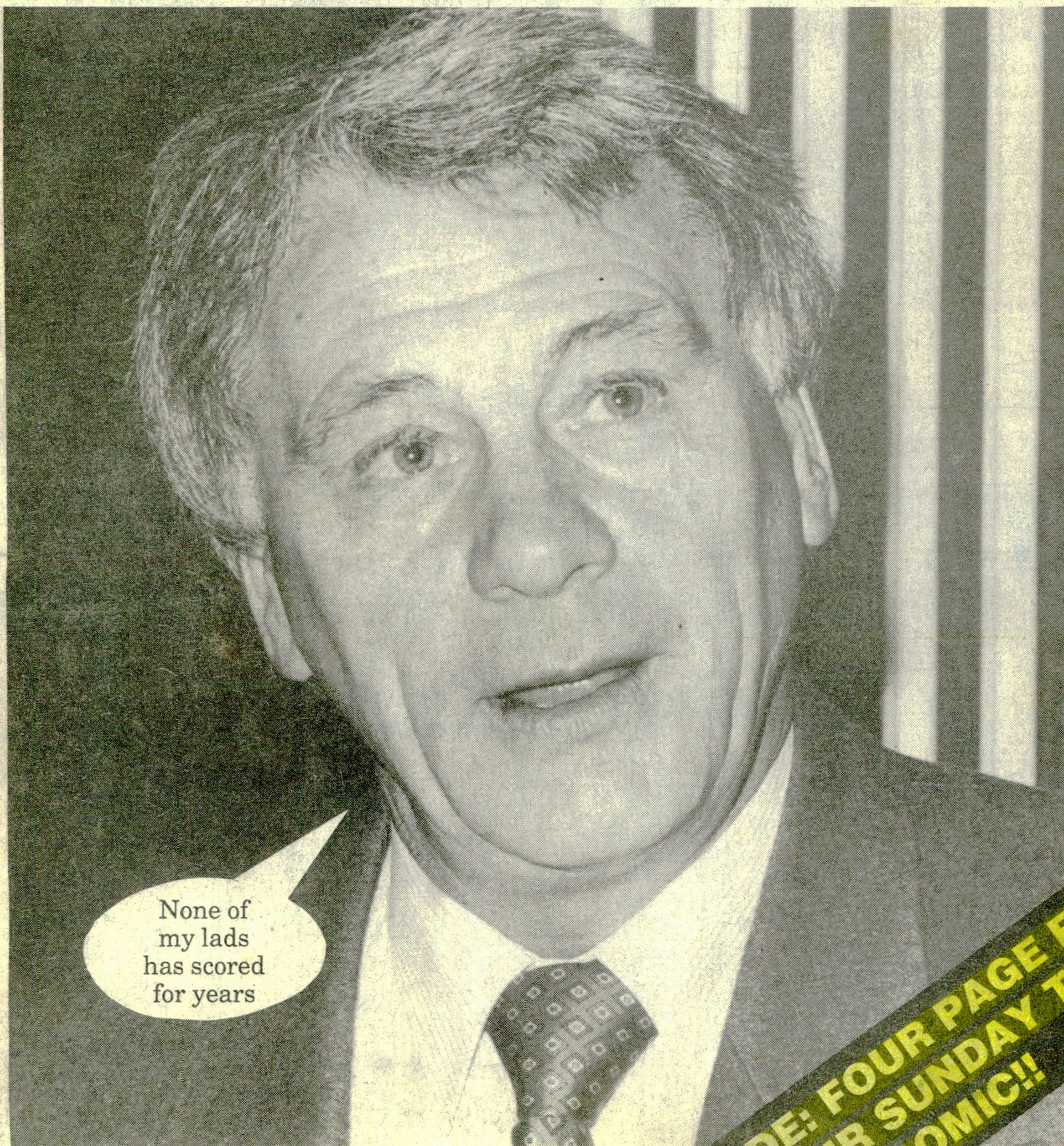
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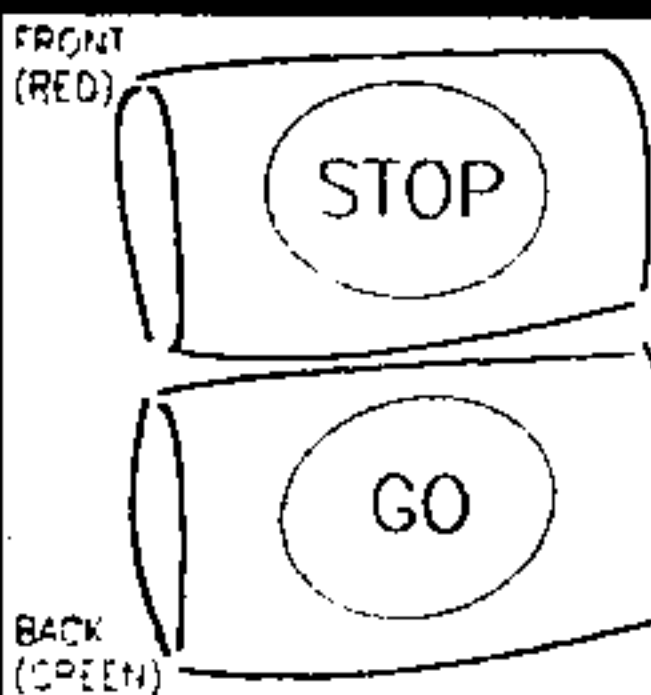


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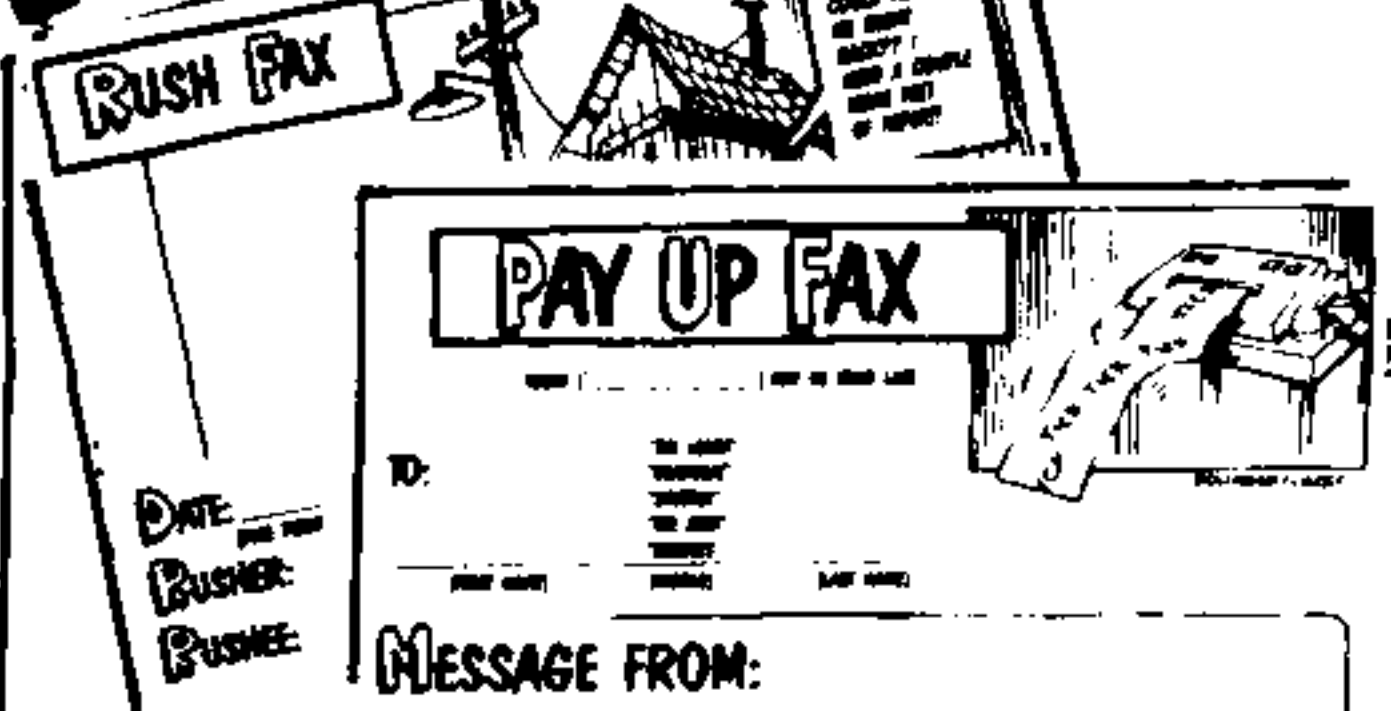
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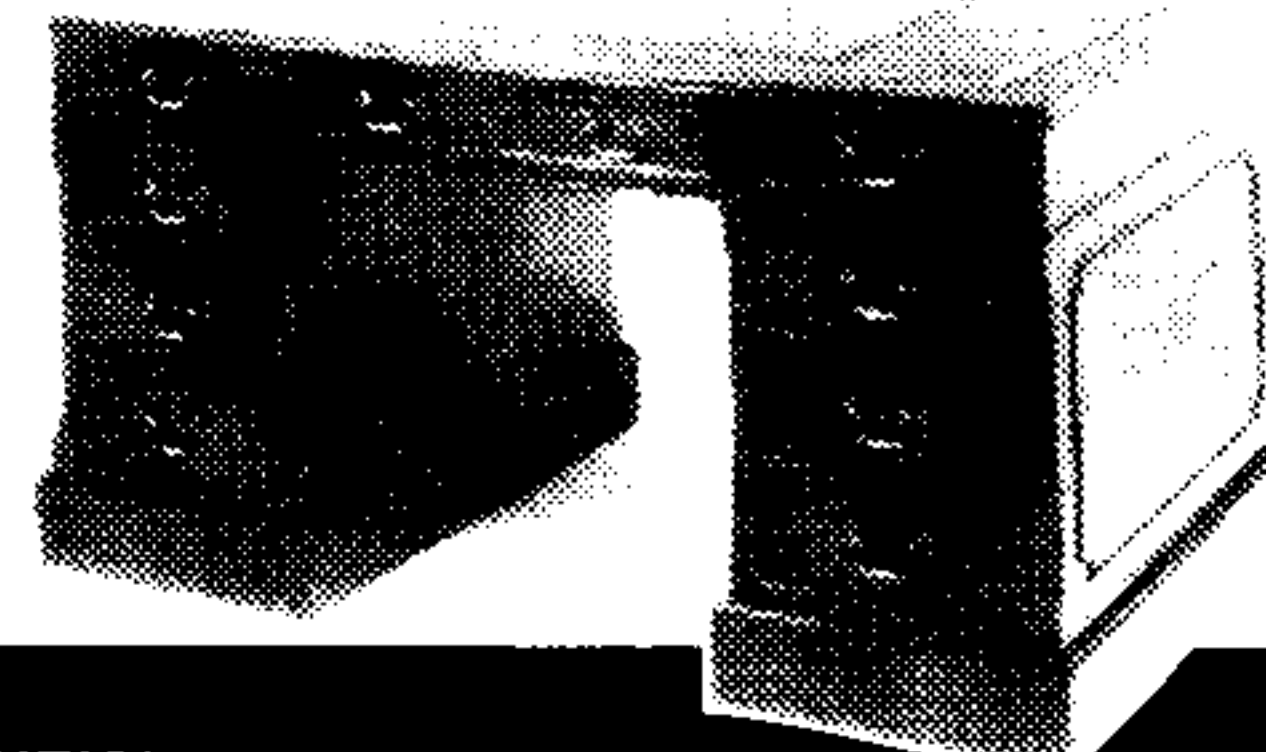
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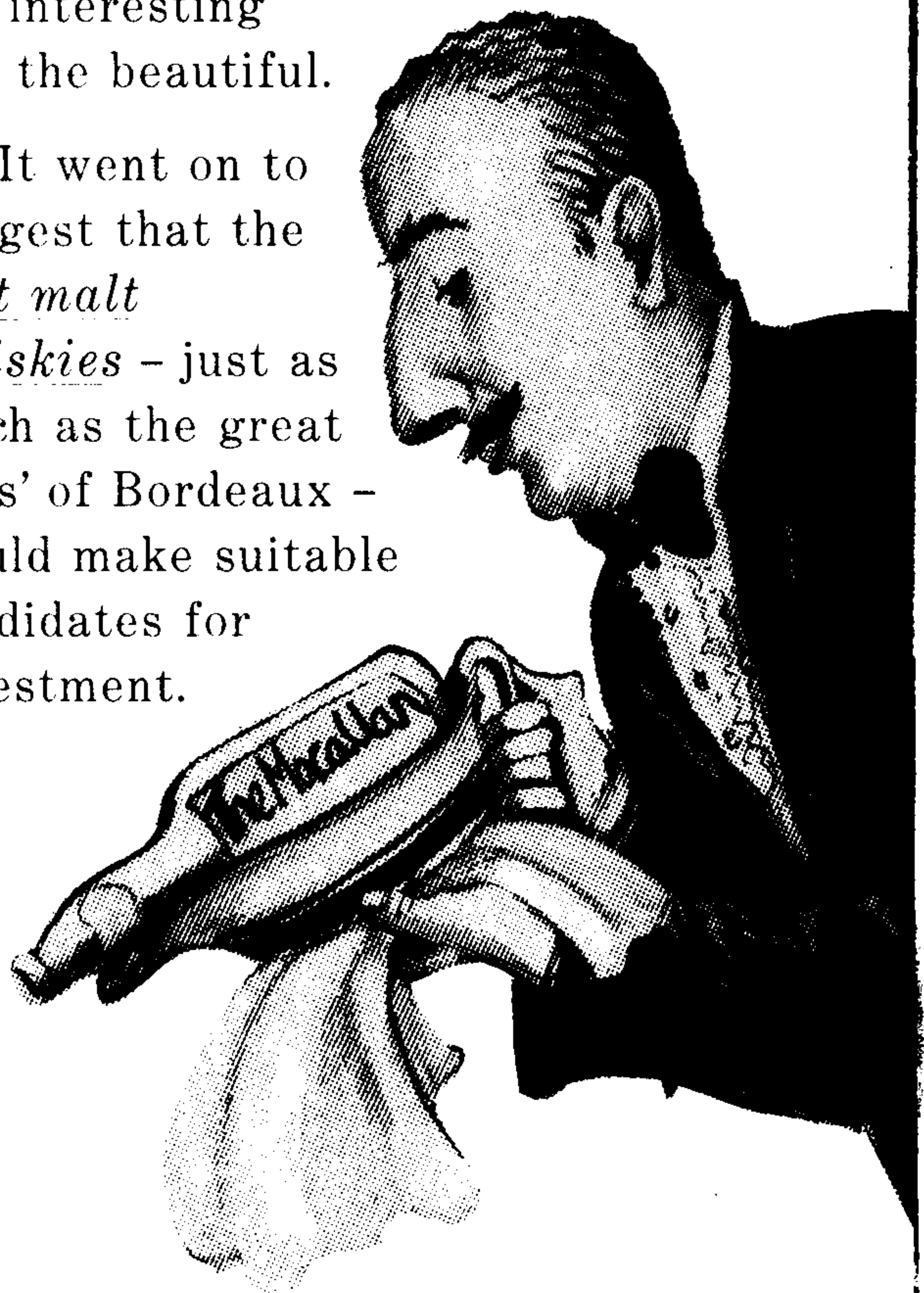
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Gnome

THIS NATION is plagued by the politics of envy and it saddens me that once again a distinguished former minister is under attack for lending his considerable expertise to the industrial sector.

I refer of course to myself and the accusation that I have had "my nose in the trough" merely because I have accepted a senior post with a newly privatized company.

Let me stress therefore that my appointment as Chief Executive of British Troughs Plc is entirely unconnected with my decision to privatize the Trough Company whilst Secretary for Trade and Industry.

To suggest that this coincidence is evidence of "pork-barrel politics" is as absurd as to claim that my successful flotation of The National Pork Barrel Corporation had anything to do with my subsequent post as Chairman of NPB (salary: £1½ million p.a.; hours: 9-10am alternative Tuesdays).

As a Minister this sort of decision was as much a part of my everyday work as touring factories or granting a licence to print money to the giant Feeble and Useless Company. (Carping critics will no doubt soon be pointing out that I later took a seat on the board of F and U.)

It is perfectly clear that a man of my experience could have taken any number of City jobs after such a glittering political career. The fact that after a decent interval of five minutes, I took three huge offers from firms with whom I was directly involved, should be of no concern to the public at all.

E. Stobes,
pp Lord Gnome of Grabbham,
"Dun Nicely",
Great Sleaze,
Stuffs.

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COLOUR SECTION

READERS' UPDATE

READERS may have experienced some difficulties in obtaining the last issue. This was due to an injunction obtained on 6 June by British International Helicopters against the magazine and its printers for breach of contractual undertaking. Although the injunction was not against retailers of *Private Eye*, many of them withdrew the issue from their shelves.

We therefore had to reprint the issue *without* the piece about B.I.H. (Chairman: R. Maxwell) and with a different cover to avoid confusion for the trade with the withdrawn issue. We apologise to any reader who bought the initial issue before withdrawal and then bought the reprinted issue a few days later thinking it was a new issue.

CLOCKWORK ORANGE

TWO CABINET ministers are grappling with questions arising from previous government lies over the Colin Wallace case.

Poor Peter Brooke has still to deal with the long document written from army headquarters by Wallace to intelligence chiefs and army bosses in 1974, warning them about complaints about persistent abuse of boys at the Kincora Boys' Home by the three men in charge of it, in particular a leading Protestant politician called William McGrath.

This document was smeared as a forgery in the Hughes inquiry on Kincora. Hughes was fed a lot of lies about the document by the Royal Ulster Constabulary who pretended, for instance, that two typewriters had been used in the document. They also pretended that a "forensic report" had been carried out on the document by police experts and had suggested a forgery.

This nonsense, for which the RUC provided no proof, was later fed to the *Independent* newspaper via its Irish correspondent David McKittrick. McKittrick's justification to the Press Council for his belief that the Wallace document was questionable has been submitted to independent testing — and proved laughable. The plain fact is that Wallace did warn his colleagues about Kincora in the greatest and most alarmist detail in 1974, and no one in authority took a blind bit of notice.

Brooke continues to stall questions about the document from opposition Northern Ireland spokesman Kevin McNamara. As with so many other ministers who have confused the House of Commons over the Wallace affair for so long, Brooke will soon be obliged to find out the truth and admit he has been consistently misled by his advisers.

The other senior minister involved in correspondence is the Lord Chancellor, Lord Mackay. His department was rather shocked when Labour MP Tam Dalyell revealed that a former head of the army legal services, a retired general called Whiteley, had been sent for "summary" the case of the conviction of Colin Wallace for manslaughter in 1981. Since the army plainly had an interest in Wallace's conviction, it seemed odd that the Court of Appeal should send his case to an army man. The Lord Chancellor's department at first pretended this was quite normal — until it too was forced to back-track and admit that the Wallace case had not been usual at all.

A summary had apparently been written by a barrister (as is normal). The barrister's opinion was extremely dubious about the conviction of Wallace, and laid some stress on the fact that the dead man, Jonathan Lewis, was seen in the company of another man in a pub some time after Colin Wallace

was meant to have killed him.

The case was then sent to General Whiteley for a second summary — which was far less favourable to Wallace.

The Court of Appeal duly chucked out Wallace's appeal. One of the judges, Stocker, had been a barrister in the army team which defended the parachute regiment after their soldiers shot dead 13 people in Derry in 1972. Another member of that army team was Colin Wallace.

Lord Mackay, a deeply religious man, is said to take the questions to his department about Whiteley and Stocker very seriously. The Government is terrified that the "wee free" (as Mackay is contemptuously known by English Thatcherite ministers) will "do a Quinlan" — believed to be a reference to Sir Michael Quinlan, permanent secretary at the defence ministry, whose deeply religious convictions drove him to the fantastic notion that the ministry should not tell lies. It was Quinlan who revived the whole Wallace case last January and Mackay may keep it running.

BAZOFT

THE NEWS that Saddam Hussein, dictator of Iraq, has at last uncovered a family tree that proves he is directly descended from the prophet Mohammed will be greeted with great enthusiasm by the ever-increasing flow of top British businessmen visiting Baghdad.

Figures recently — and rather reluctantly — revealed by Mrs Thatcher's poodle, trade minister John Redwood, show that 157 British companies sent representatives to Iraq in 1989-90 compared with 82 the year before. The number of companies with more than 200 employees who went sniffing for the bloodthirsty dictator's business last year exactly doubled — from 44 to 88.

Many of these companies hail from the hard-pressed Midlands. It was a trade delegation from Birmingham which had to be called off recently after the little local difficulty in Iraq with *Observer* journalist Farzad Bazoft. By chance, too, it was a Birmingham MP, the colourful stockbroker Anthony Beaumont Dark, who first leaked the news that Bazoft had been convicted of a minor shoplifting offence 10 years ago (and was therefore an obvious candidate for the executioner).



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STREET OF SHAME

SO LONG is it since a good story appeared under the Insight heading in the *Sunday Times* that people may have missed the amazing revelations about the spy sent in to its competitor's business by Sir Donald Gosling's National Car Parks.

The piece ends with the spy confessing all and saying she has given the story to the police. How embarrassing for Sir Donald if he and his boardroom were interviewed by the police. It is not just, as the *Sunday Times* noticed, that Gosling is one of Thatcher's greatest supporters and benefactors. He was also, as the *Sunday Times* didn't notice, a keen Labour supporter (and benefactor) when Labour was in office, and got his knighthood not from Thatcher but from Harold Wilson on the famous Falkender "lavender list".

A HUGE row has broken out between John Leese, editor of the *London Evening Standard*, and Mohammed Fayed, owner of Harrods, over two Pekinese dogs.

About three years ago Leese bought two pups from the store, one black, one white. The white one called Parker suffers from a plague of chronic sicknesses, largely due to inbreeding, and Leese, who has paid out well over £12,000 in vets' fees, wanted Harrods to pay for some of them. No, said Harrods, not our responsibility.

Leese then embarked on a campaign to make Harrods change its mind. He ran a three-page article in *ES* magazine with photos of the unhappy beast but omitted to mention that he was the owner.

Even this did not move Harrods to compassion, and the attacks increased. Mohammed Fayed has now had enough and has cancelled all of Harrods advertising in the *Standard* which will eventually cost the rag millions.

THE SUN is busy promoting itself as the "paper that makes you instantly rich" — a reference to the success of Mr Alan Miskimmin who, according to the front page splash on 14 June, had "won a million".

Lucky Mr Miskimmin scooped the rag's Spot the Ball contest which hundreds of thousands of

Sun readers paid to enter earlier this year. Although in theory spotting balls in the *Sun* is a simple task, the contest rules were drawn up to make the odds of anyone winning the first prize of £5 million rather "high".

Mr Miskimmin, from Northern Ireland, won the runner's-up prize; but, despite the *Sunspeak* claims, is he now a millionaire? Actually, no. So far he has received £50,000. The rest of the prize will be paid in 19 instalments between now and 2009.

Assuming he survives the two decades, Mr Miskimmin will have been paid a million. But inflation will have taken a huge toll on the money and he'll never actually be a millionaire unless he saves every penny between now and then.

LAST SUNDAY's *Observer* boasted on its front page that "according to the latest audited figures" it was out-selling the two new entrants to the market, the *Sindie* and the *Despondent*.

It revealed excitedly that the average sale of the *Observer* last month, as certified by ABC, was 541,077 copies. Given the triumphant tone in which this news was presented, some readers may have assumed that it meant the *Observer's* circulation was on the up-and-up.

What the paper forgot to mention — no doubt accidentally — was that its ABC figure this time last year, for the six months ending May 1989, was 698,684. The *Observer* has, in other words, lost more readers in the past year than any other Sunday newspaper.

MEANWHILE, apparently untroubled by its catastrophic circulation (it hit 175,000 a couple of weeks ago), the *Sunday Despondent* has decided to "market" its hacks.

The idea is to earn pin-money by getting its staff invited to address seminars, open supermarkets, appear on *Blankety Blank* etc. To this end it has produced a directory (conveniently designed to fit in a filofax) of its "young, articulate stable of journalists".

"If you are organising debates, conferences or exhibitions and are looking for speakers, we might be able to help," the directory explains. "Please", it adds desperately, "get in touch."

Not only does this preposterous leaflet rather over-sell the expertise of the *Despondent's* hacks ("Home Editor: Paul Valley... Northern Ireland: Paul Valley... Religion: Paul Valley...") but, more off-puttingly still, it includes photos of such "young articulate" characters as David "Bunter" Blake (20 stone and rising); John Gummer look-alike David Lipsey and the editor himself, John Major-clone Peter "Greyman" Cole.

One glimpse of any of these should be enough to persuade most conference organisers to stick with Esther Rantzen.

IN THE office of Ian Watson, editor of Cap'n Job's brilliantly successful *European* newspaper (*Shome mishtake, shurely?*), there is a poster listing the successive stages in the launch of a new title. They are: Extreme Optimism, Extreme Pessimism, then Slaughter of the Innocent and finally Relaunch.

This formula is being followed with startling

literalness at the *Sindie* where, in preparation for the forthcoming relaunch, a sacrificial lamb has just been chosen in the form of Nicholas Comfort, the paper's amiable political editor.

The official explanation is that he "didn't come up with enough scoops", but this is hardly his fault: in recent weeks he has filed at least two decent exclusives which were unaccountably "spiked" by the news desk.

A more plausible explanation is the old *Beyond the Fringe* one: "We need a pointless sacrifice at this stage of the war, and it's going to be you."

But there is another theory. Home Editor Peter Wilby, so the story goes, was desperate to woo back old *Indie*-man Don Macintyre from the *Despondent* and offered him a job as investigative editor. Macintyre said no. Wilby then asked Macintyre if he would come as political editor. Macintyre pointed out that the *Sindie* already had a political editor.

Wilby, who is famously hard of hearing, mistakenly thought Macintyre was saying he would take the job if they got rid of Comfort. Wilby duly hastened back to the office and sacked the poor sap (who is the son of Dr Alex Joy of Sex Comfort) — only to discover that Macintyre didn't want the job anyway. Comfort has cleared his desk, Macintyre is firmly ensconced at the *Despondent* and the *Sindie* — after its messy exertions — now has no political editor at all.

THE Broadcasting Press Guild, which represents hacks who cover television and media matters, has decided to boot out one of its members who — despite three written warnings — has not paid any subs for more than a year.

And who is this miscreant?

Step forward that staunch defender of decency and morality in the media — Mr Ray "Ploddy" Snoddy of Channel 4's holier-than-thou *Hard News*.

THE LETTER from the *Sun's* resident "poof-baiter" Garry Bushell in the last *Eye*, denying that he ever managed right-wing skinhead rock bands, has provoked a flood of mail from ageing punk fans whose recollections are rather different.

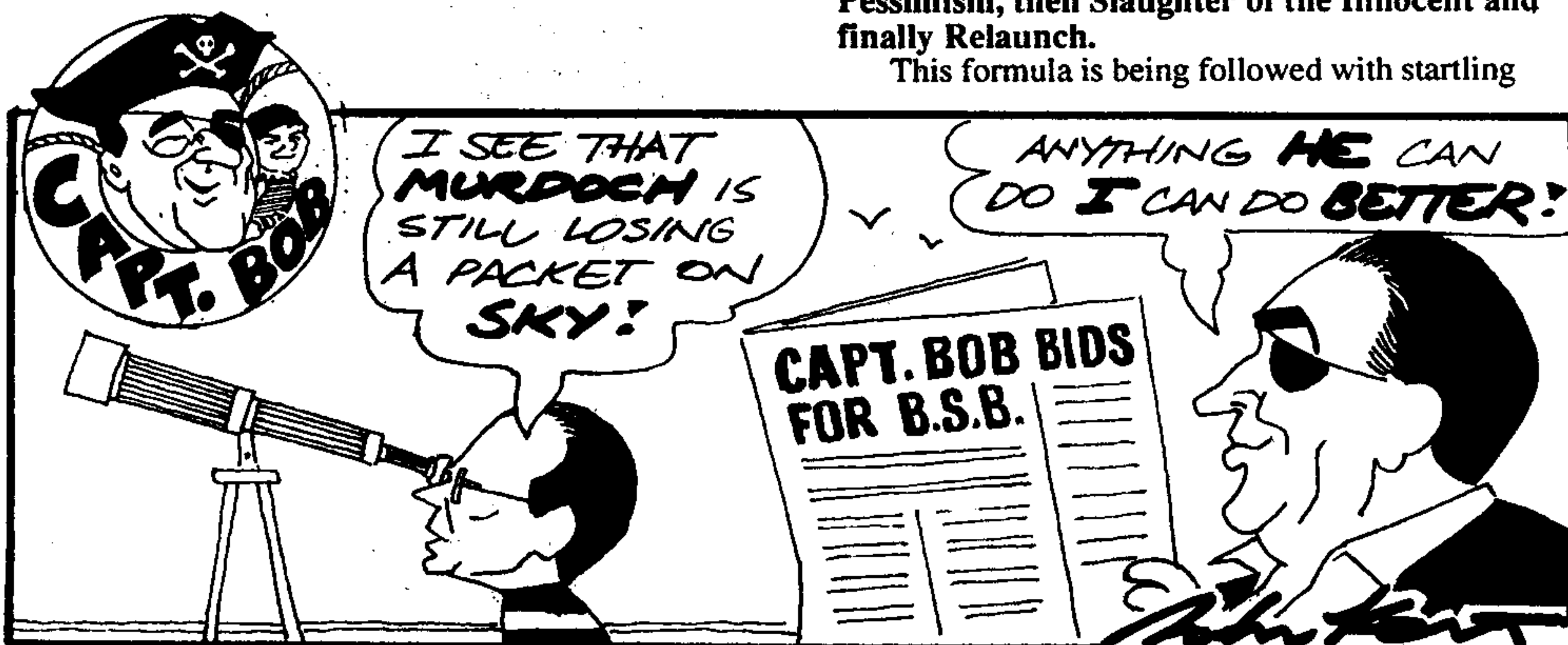
They point out that the title of Bushell's second compilation LP, *Strength Through Oi*, was an obvious echo of the Nazi slogan "Strength Through Joy", which was reinforced by the cover photo showing a bare-chested skinhead lashing out with fists and boots. The man in the picture was Nick Crane, a leading light in the neo-Nazi British Movement, who was doing a stretch at Her Majesty's Pleasure for racist assault at the time the LP came out. The dedication on the sleeve included the message "for Nick, in nick".

Shortly after the album appeared, one of the featured bands — the 4-Skins — bussed coach-loads of its skinhead followers into Southall for a concert at the Hanborough Tavern; the predictable result was a full-scale riot, with the Oi fans fighting pitched battles with local Asians.

"This is very old stuff," Garry Bushell said wearily when the *Eye* put these points to him this week. He agreed that the use of Nick Crane on the cover was perhaps "a little bit dubious", especially since his British Movement tattoos were clearly visible; "but it was Phonogram's mistake". What about the message to Nick in nick? "That was a guy called Ginger Nick, who was a friend of the 4-Skins. He was a shoplifter, I think." He pointed out that the next Oi LP was dedicated to Sid James and Che Guevara.

And the riot? "A coach was attacked by Asian youths brandishing swords — I think someone had been stirring them up." According to Gazza's account, the skinheads were innocent, peace-loving citizens minding their own business. "Some of the Oi kids were annoyed that Labour politicians instantly took the side of the Asian kids."

Gazza was, however, able to confirm the most incredible of all the allegations that have been made against him by *Eye* correspondents: that he is a member of Mensa. "Yes, I'm afraid it's true," he said. "I joined over a year ago." He added that he had "sailed through" the entrance exam, with an IQ of "155 or 156". He hides it well.





ONE MAN who wrongly escapes responsibility for the astonishing Channel Tunnel rail link fiasco is Michael Portillo, one of the few remaining ministers who still openly boasts of his Thatcherism.

Those at British Rail (and there were many) who sighed with relief when this anti-rail fanatic left the transport department for environment (where Thatcher hopes he will settle worries over the poll tax) sighed too soon.

Portillo continued to fight behind the scenes to stop any public subsidy for the link. He and Cecil Parkinson hoped against all the odds that private enterprise would somehow manage the job on its own. They reckoned without the phenomenal greed of the companies concerned (including the Government's favourite builder, Trafalgar House). The private firms wanted a return of 15 per cent. The Treasury pointed out that British Rail could borrow money and do the whole job itself at a much lower return (8 per cent). But Parkinson, provoked by Portillo, continued to resist both the public subsidy for the greedy private firms and the British Rail alternative. The result is chaos and confusion on all sides.

Now BR will probably do the job itself — if the Government allows it to borrow the money. The private enterprise dogmatists have lost the whole argument, not just half of it, and the biggest twit of all appears to be the very uncharming Michael Portillo.

LIBERAL Democrats around the country are awaiting with baited breath publication of *Costa del Sol*, a first novel by impeccably liberal Des Wilson, the party's election guru and campaigning superbore (Shelter, Parents against Tobacco etc).

The book is a dismal sex-and-paella potboiler, which presumably explains why publishers Sphere claim: "In Des Wilson, the Liberal Democrats have produced their own Jeffrey Archer..." MPs will need to check that any written contribution Wilson makes to the next Liberal Democrat manifesto is more restrained than his torrid prose. Thus page 51:

Then she pulled away, just a few inches, and smiling into his face, slowly opened his dressing gown and, as it dropped to the floor, ran her fingers over his bare shoulders and then down his chest until they reached and rested on his erect cock... She reached for him and rolled him onto his back and her head disappeared between his legs, her red hair lightly touching his balls as she kissed and gently sucked his cock... "Oh God," he thought, "Oh God, don't let this stop." But it did, too soon, his balls tightening and then almost exploding with pleasure.

Premature ageing is also a worry for Sheedy, the male character, but not, apparently, for his hungry young companion:

I'll decide whether you're too old without your help, and, judging by the way this is rising already, it doesn't look to be a problem to me."

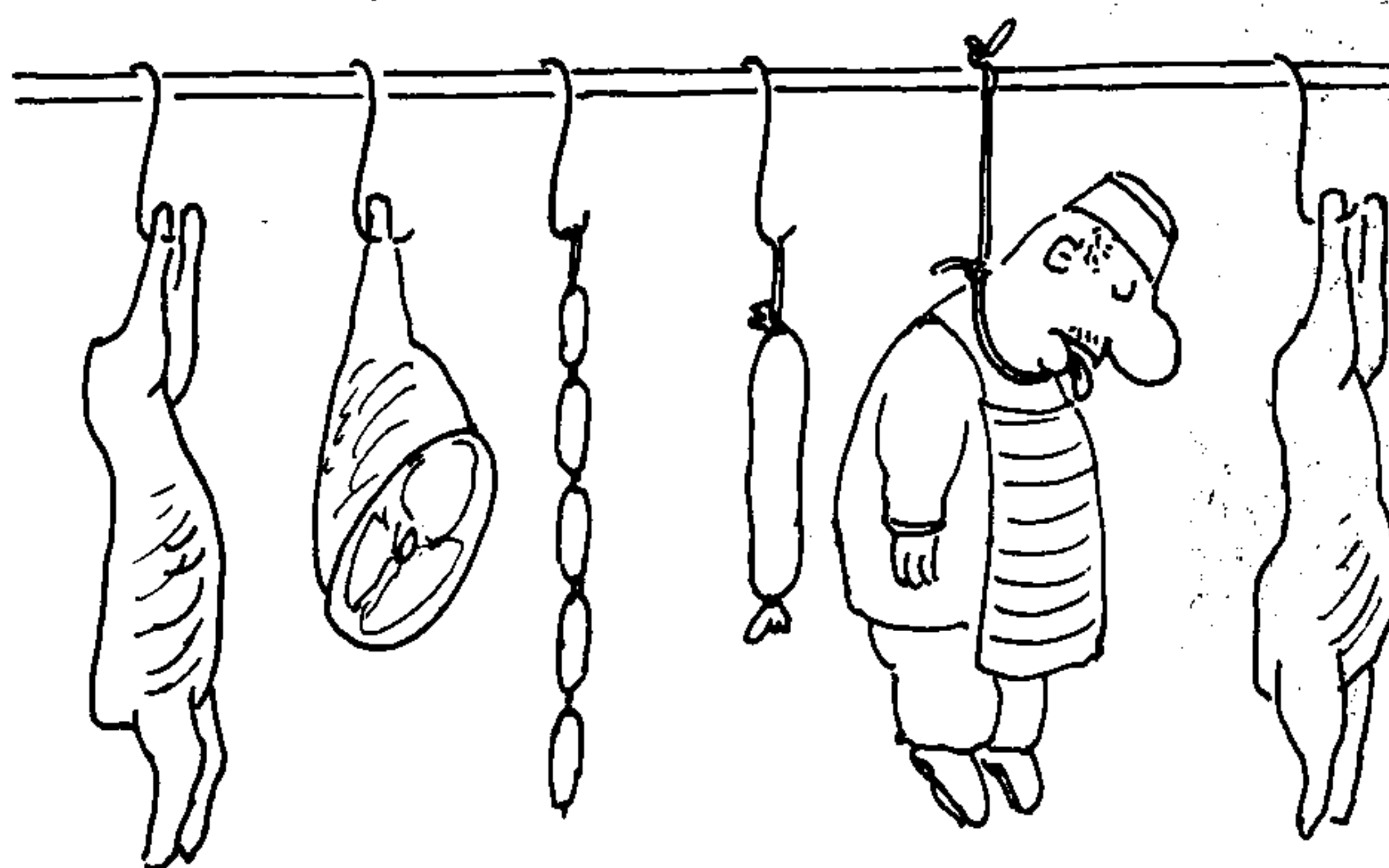
Des Wilson — anxious to get as many members in as possible at the next election — is 49.

THE eight people from Hongkong recently hanged in Malaysia for drug trafficking received little sympathy in the colony. Here, Thatcher's plea for clemency was half-hearted; but the response of Labour's frontbench foreign affairs spokesman George Foulkes was positively bizarre.

In a long broadcast to the people of Hongkong he called on the British government to impose sanctions on Malaysia unless she dropped the death penalty. And he added that a future Labour government would impose sanctions against countries which retained the death penalty for various crimes.

Labour MPs who were in Hongkong and heard

DOWN ON THE FARM



with 'Old Muckspreader

FARMING's hysteria over what it considers media distortion of the mad cow story far exceeds anything cooked up in Wapping. If you listen to the industry's propagandists, you'd think the whole BSE saga is no more remarkable than the discovery of a double-decker bus in Piccadilly.

Some of the daftest corporate paranoia has come from the Farmers' Union of Wales, where the union's livestock chief Bob Parry — who might be thought to have some slight vested interest in keeping up red meat sales — launched a scathing attack on Bangor Hospital.

It seems staff there had the temerity to reassure patients that only imported beef was on the

hospital menu. This humane bid to calm the fears of the anxious was too much for FUW members who fear for their profits. "This is a slur on home-produced beef," ranted Parry.

Not to be outdone, the union's president Huw Hughes has now attacked Gwynedd education authority for banning beef from primary school canteens, presumably to allay the fears of parents. Hughes claims the action is "a ploy to win cheap electoral popularity".

Can he really believe such a barmy idea? Or have he and the other union bosses been scoffing too much of their own beef?

MEANWHILE at Hypocrisy House, the NFU's Knightsbridge HQ, union president Sir Simon Gourlay has welcomed a government assur-

ance that animal feed companies will be forced to reveal what they put into their rations.

Behind this is the fiction that Sir Simon's members were somehow like their infected cows — unwitting victims of unscrupulous feed companies who wouldn't reveal that they were using noxious meat-and-bone meal in their products.

What the farmers don't say is why they were in the dark. The fact is they were never interested enough to find out exactly what they were feeding their beasts.

For years they've known that a number of small feed companies are prepared to provide customers with a full list of ingredients. But most farmers — 90 per cent of whom are NFU members — prefer to buy feeds from the big companies who keep the ingredients secret.

OVER AT Thames Ditton bureaucrats at the Milk Monopoly Board are terrified that sooner or later someone will ask why, if the overwhelming majority of BSE cases occur in dairy cows, is everyone so worried about beef and not milk?

The Milk Mafia is thus keeping its office doors shut — all 2,300 of them — and Old Muck's statistical department has turned up a telling comparison. The bureaucrats of Brussels — the EC Commission — maintain a total of 2,100 offices to administer a population of 300 million. The MMB maintains 200 more offices to administer 30,000 dairy farmers. It also has a heated swimming pool — presumably to help fill in spare time.

the broadcast were astonished. Malaysia is a very poor country and sanctions would only add to the poverty. Accordingly, Labour's new policy document promises more, not less, aid to countries like Malaysia.

While most Labour MPs oppose the death penalty, they wonder why Foulkes picked on Malaysia rather than, say, the United States where the death penalty still exists. "Why doesn't Foulkes bully the US and threaten sanctions?" asked one MP who heard the broadcast, which took place on the same day Malaysia hosted an international conference on poverty.

IT MAY BE traditional for prime ministers to make statements to the House after official meetings abroad with heads of state and the like, but no MP can remember a prime minister making such a statement after an informal visit to another country.

Thatch the Supreme One, however, turned tradition on its head with a blatant piece of PR after her recent very informal visit to the Soviet Union. Aware that the cameras would be on her, she broke with precedent and answered questions for an hour,

even though she had nothing to say.

Labour MPs want to know why their whips — and for that matter, the Speaker — let her get away with it.

LABOUR MPs' greatest skill is squabbling among themselves and the bickering in the party's frontbench team considering the Finance Act has reached ridiculous proportions.

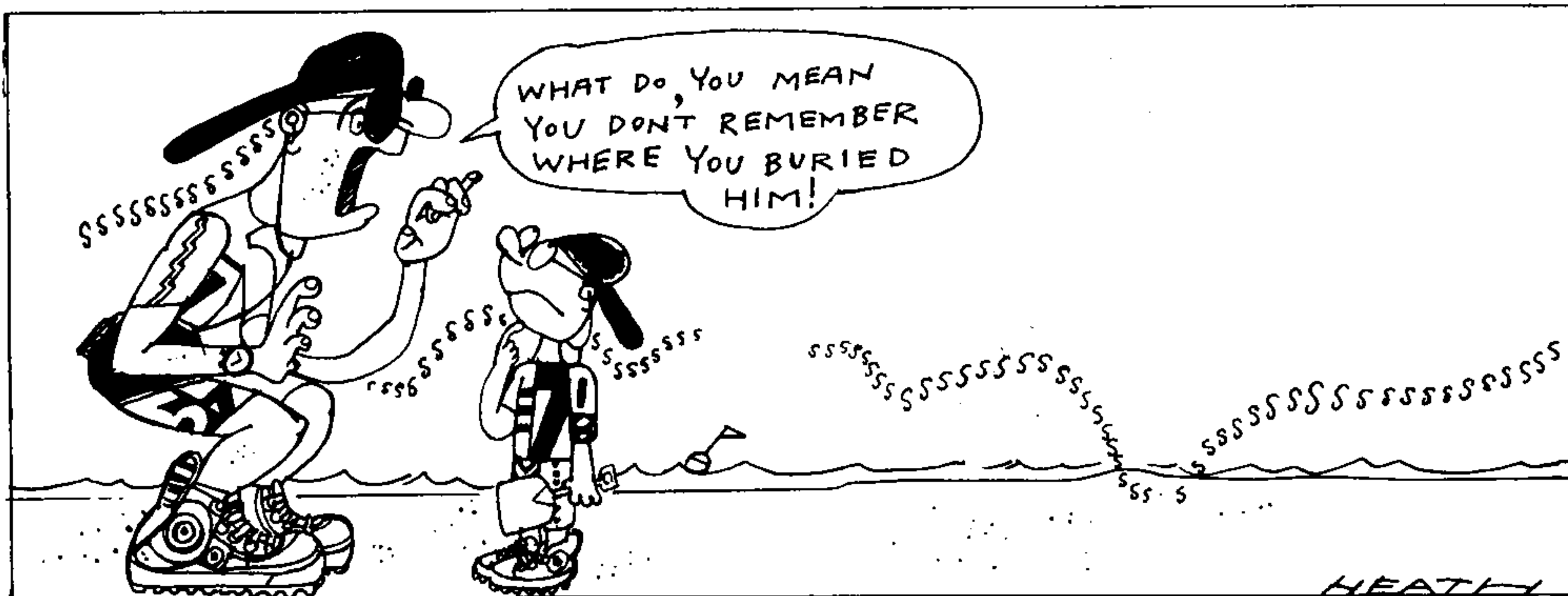
MPs Margaret Beckett, John Marek, Nick Brown and Paul Boateng spend most of their time arguing about who is best equipped to deal with particular issues. To the outsider, it's all a bit academic since none of them could define, let alone distinguish, between a Thatcherite monetarist and a Marxist monetarist. But it may be that what is lingering in the dark recesses of their minds is the possibility that Chancellor-to-be John Smith (who is not on the committee) may have another heart attack.

If that were to happen, one of their number could strike it lucky. But most Labour MPs fervently hope for the sake of the party that Kinnock will never have to choose between these also-rans and the knacker's yard.

'Backbiter'

NUMERO UNO

MICHAEL HEATH





HIS Royal Highness Prince Edward has become, I am sorry to say, a frequenter of the Groucho Club.

The theatrical prince was having a quiet drink with friends last Wednesday night when a strange woman threw her arms around him. The assembled thespian company were horrified and even more upset when she shouted:

"I'm sorry my Mum couldn't afford our wedding."

Was there some dark secret in Edward's past? Or was this merely a stunt to offer further proof of Edward's (known as "Babs" Windsor) disputed machismo?

It was, I can reveal, neither. The woman in question was the tired and emotional Jaqui Stephen, TV critic and media Welsh person, indulging in a spontaneous display of loyalty.

Edward is now in good hunky company, for Ms Stephen's last grand passion was for Bruce Anderson, the neolithic *Sunday Telegraph* writer. Meanwhile, the club has got the royal seal of approval. Who will be in next? The Queen Mother for tea with Jeff Bernard, perhaps?

"Good heavens
— a little
green man"



● **SIR** Jonah Junor's column in the *Mail on Sunday* amuses me greatly. This week the old reprobate sounds off about the "crazy" concept of hereditary peers.

It didn't seem so crazy to him a few years ago when he fancied one himself. At one time he would have been delighted with a Junor dynasty as well as the expenses for sitting in the upper house pontificating about whatever came into his head. He told anyone who would listen that he would leave the *Sunday Express* and become a full-time legislator. As it turned out he ended up on the *Fail on Sunday*. How the mighty...

TO THE Young Vic, for the first night of a revival of Eugene O'Neill's *Anna Christie*, and whom should I spy in the audience but my old friend Jeffrey Archer and his immensely fragrant wife.

I trust they had an enlightening evening. For *Anna Christie*, as I'm sure my readers know, is the tale of a prostitute with a heart of gold!

Incidentally, I wonder what has happened to the book which Jeffrey's publishers announced last year and which was due out this month? It was to have included the scripts of his two plays — *Beyond Reasonable Doubt* and *Exclusive!* — plus an introduction from Jeffrey explaining how he became such a successful playwright.

This important volume has now been shelved "indefinitely". I trust the decision has nothing to do with the fact that *Exclusive!* turned out to be an ignominious flop.

Pseud's Corner

Football belongs most of all to the dispossessed. The World Cup is really about that, the common man's theatre, the drama, properly understood, reflecting the temper of the age, the mood and mores of the nations who compete. Thus in 1970 Pele's Brazil gave spectacular expression to the universal sense of a changing world, societies everywhere glimpsing liberation from want and oppression, being free of old dogmas and dictators. The mood of those times found expression elsewhere... in theatre... popular music... literature... and on the streets of Paris, Chicago, London and West Berlin.

Something was happening to the world, something anyone who watched Brazil win the World Cup could feel, identify with and share.

Eamon Dunphy
Irish Sunday Independent

From Mr Philip Stewart

Sir: John Torode rightly warns us not to see Orwell as a political prophet. However 1984 is an allegory that can be read on a much deeper level, as indicated by its title which, in binary notation, is 1111100000 — an open hand and an open fist.

PHILIP STEWART
Oxford

Independent on Sunday

Mano Destra tenderly enacts bondage and domination in a finely balanced exploration of fragility and vulnerability, which puts into question society's necessity for preoccupations with dominance.

Scala Cinema's
monthly programme

However, in another poem Zbigniew Herbert says he may be in love with Western art but he does not want art and imagination to blind him to reality. He does not want to forget that:

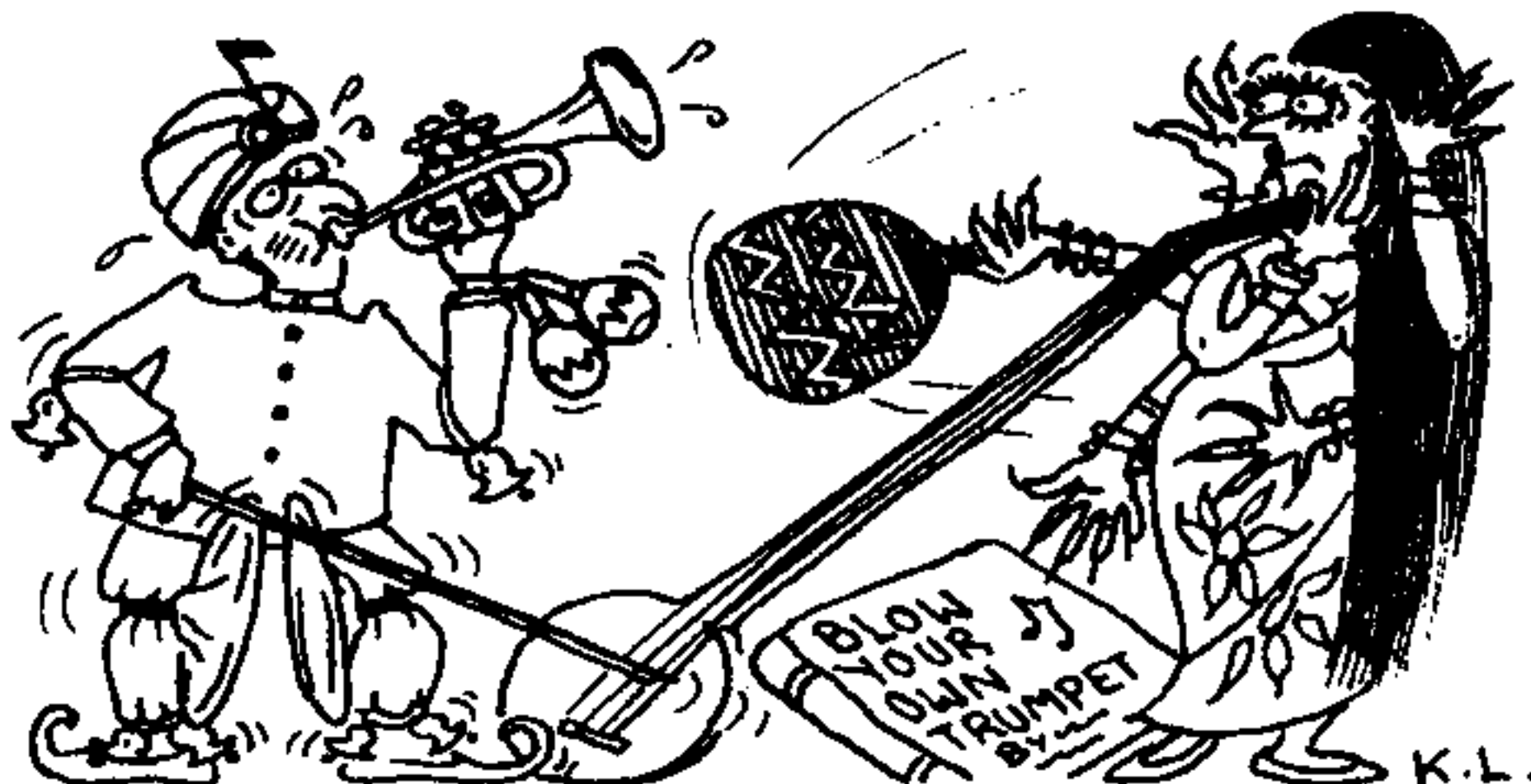
a bird is a bird
slavery means slavery
a knife is a knife
death means death

(Zbigniew Herbert, translated by John and Bogdana Carpenter.)

Derwent May
The European

Where do you get your ideas from?

All over the place. I travel all over the world in search of ideas. I am always looking out for new ideas, rhythms, beats and melodies. I eat, sleep, drink the music that I compose. That is why Bhappi Lahiri is the most successful music composer in history. I am in the Guinness book of records and you can't get in there unless you've done something fantastic like I have. I have been



the top musical director in India for the last seven years — that is fantastic because there is so much competition there. There are so many films being made and hundreds of music directors wanting to compose scores, but it is Bhappi Lahiri who is asked to do it because, in the end, I am consistently good: my music is always top class.

The Profile

CONTRIBUTORS: David Jackson, Steve Mann, Mark Butcher, Jeff Lewis, Francis Harvey.

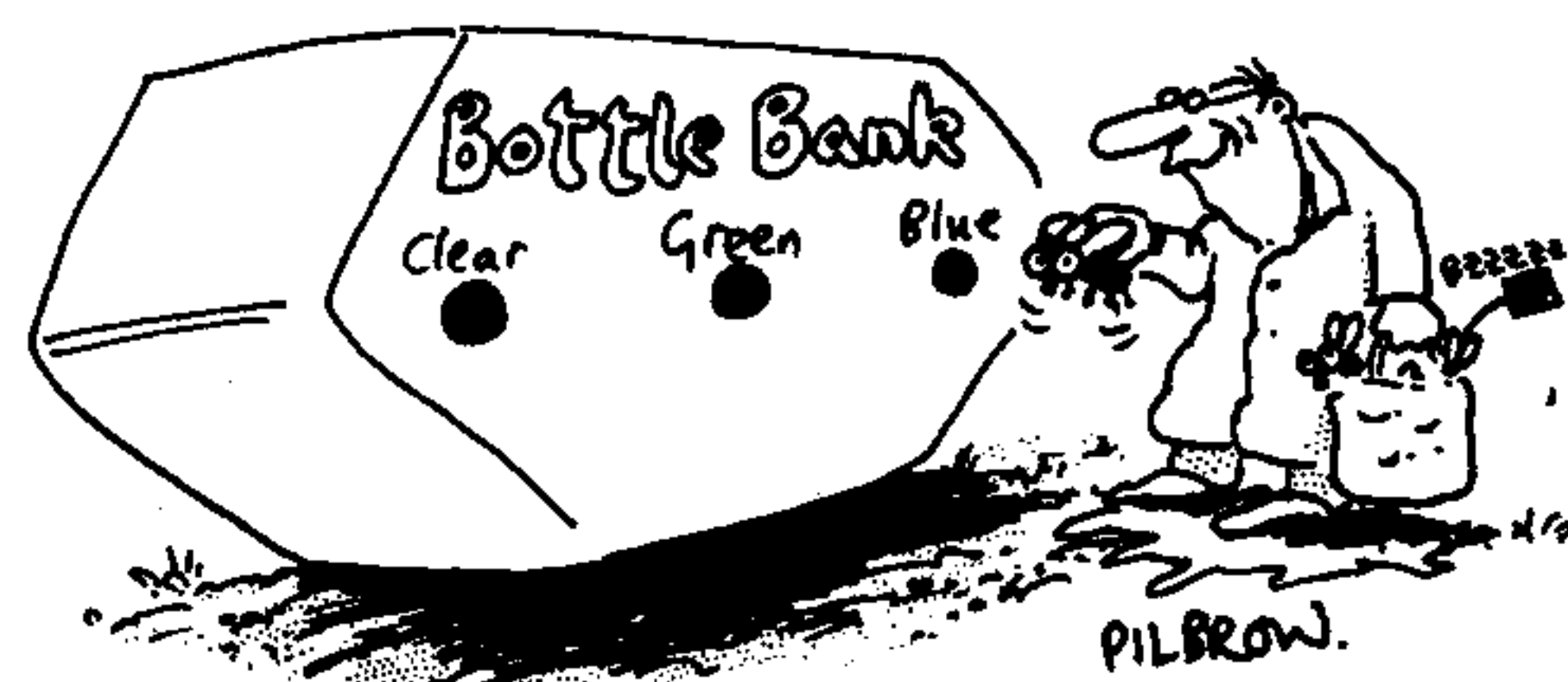
£10 paid for entries

TO ANOTHER theatrical first-night: at the Royal Court, where my barking right-wing friend David Hart has been commissioned — along with Julie Burhill, the Bishop of Durham and other misfits — to write a "socratic dialogue".

Over a drink after the applause has died down, David tells me that he is not only as great a playwright as Jeffrey Archer, but also as generous a charitable benefactor.

Instead of slipping fiver-stuffed envelopes to prostitutes at London railway termini, however, David's munificence takes the form of giving a job to one Douglas Smith who has been at something of a loose end since the Federation of Conservative Students — over which he and Harry Phibbs presided — was cruelly wound up by the spoilsports at Central Office.

David's loyalty to the boy is all the more creditable in view of the fact that Smith is currently on bail, awaiting trial on charges of threatening to murder Toby Baxendale, a former Young Conservative leader.



MY THOUGHTS turn to Dublin's fair city where my old friend Charles Haughey is spending around £25 million to promote his presidency of the European Community.

This is of course a complete non-event; but since it is his "Buggins turn" Haughey sees it as a chance to enter the history books for something other than ruining the Irish economy, Georgian Dublin and the emigration figures.

Haughey has decided to honour himself with a grand banquet in historic Malahide Castle. He has even grabbed the Irish equivalent of the crown jewels from the national museum for a typically artless centrepiece to the dinner table and has spent more than £300,000 on "improvements" to the castle where his Euro-guests will spend less than four hours. A bargain, to be sure...

STAYING with friends in Tuscany, I came across a rotund bald figure strolling through the woods.

It is none other than Lord "Woy" Jenkins, a guest of my near-neighbour Mr Teddy Milkington-Drake.

Woy tells me he likes to take a regular walk through the countryside, but makes a point of never going by the same route as before.

"Why?", I ask.

"Kidnappers" replies his Lordship earnestly.

● **WORD** reaches me of the comely Janet Street-Porter, purveyor of graffiti-style television programmes to Britain's dim-witted youth.

Sadly it appears that a graffiti artist has been at work at the BBC in London scrawling a certain four-letter word on to studio walls and photographs of la Street-Porter that are then pinned to noticeboards.

The word in question is **BULL**. Not, I can assure you, a critical verdict on such gems as *Style Trial*, but rather a reference to the fact that Street-Porter was born Janet Bull.

Can such open defiance of the tall one mean that her regime is about to fall?

Pip Pip!

NOOKS and CORNERS

ONE OF Mrs Thatcher's many good jokes is her espousal of "Victorian values". What the Victorians actually believed in, of course, was doing things well and thoroughly, while what Our Leader's government will be remembered for is its refusal to spend money on anything worthwhile, its promotion of the cheap, the tawdry, the shortsighted, the gimmicky.

Never forget that it was Mrs Thatcher, when abolishing school milk as minister of education, who announced that it was a scandal that more than half the nation's children were being educated in Victorian buildings. They, of course, were the lucky half: the others had to endure flimsy, impractical modern buildings whose flat roofs fly off in storms.

A fine example of real Victorian values is the money and attention given to great and necessary public works, like London's great sewerage system. Designed by Sir Joseph Bazalgette, chief engineer to the Metropolitan Board of Works — who was also responsible for the Victoria Embankment, another magnificent capital work — this was an intelligent and expensive response to the pollution of the Thames with raw sewage and to cholera and typhoid epidemics. Bazalgette's sewers are still efficient and vital today — despite the fact that Thatcherite economics militate against spending enough money on maintenance and rebuilding — although electric rather than steam pumps now propel the muck out to the Thames Estuary.

But one of Bazalgette's structures is now redundant: the Crossness Sewage Works on the south bank beyond Woolwich. It was opened in 1865 by a dinner in the vast brick-arched effluent reservoir attended by the Prince of Wales and the archbishops of Canterbury and York. Today, the Engine House survives, complete with its four James Watt beam engines — once the biggest in the world. In 1985, the Crossness Engines Trust was founded to restore the building and to get one engine back into working condition. Expert volunteers — engineers, architects and surveyors — began to clean the place up and, in recognition of the importance of the project, English Heritage made a grant of £100,000 while the old Thames Water Authority, which continued to use the site for sewage treatment,



worked closely with the trust, granted a lease on the building and promised £50,000 towards the work.

Then came privatisation. What happened next probably should not have been a surprise given the dismal history of British Telecom, with semi-educated marketing men taking over and ordering an immediate destruction of the sound, well-designed red telephone kiosks just for the sake of a new "image". But Thames Water plc has managed to outshine even BT in sheer self-interested malevolence. In October 1989 members of the trust found that, without warning, the locks had been changed on the site gates and that their way barred by security men. Access to the promised money had also been stopped. The trust has not been allowed back

to Crossness since, despite its anxiety to repair windows damaged in the autumn storms and to make the Engine House weatherproof. Thames Water has not carried out any emergency repairs.

Thames Water has not vouchsafed its own vision for Crossness. It has only tried to justify its monstrous behaviour by accusing the trust of breaching health and safety regulations (on which its chairman, John Ridley, is a published authority). But its public relations officer, one Tom Curtain, has been assiduous in propagating certain economies, such as that the trust is a "bunch of amateurs... guilty of disinformation(!)" which has actually managed to "damage" the four engines during five years of restoration. Meanwhile this Grade I listed building continues to rot in the hands of this petty, jealous, privatised water authority.

This scandal has wider implications. The admirable Kew Pumping Station museum, in which magnificent engines have been restored to working order by volunteers, is also having trouble with the bright executives of Thames Water, as is the group trying to preserve the New River lands from Hertfordshire into London. Asset-stripping and potential profits are what matter. Such are Thatcherite values.

MORE news of dear old Durham, where Messrs Queens Moat Houses plc, "International Hoteliers", are currently applying for detailed planning permission for a "Moat House" in Framwellgate Peth.

The design is, of course, abysmal and the building will ruin the famous view of the cathedral and castle. Nothing surprising about this — certainly not in Durham — but what is a little odd is that in its 1989 Annual Report and Accounts, in which raising the share capital by £11 million is proposed, it is stated that the Durham Moat House is already "under construction" and is "planned for opening in 1991".

Is there something shareholders ought to be told?

'Piloti'

Sporting Life

THE BRILLIANT victory of the Dermot Weld-trained Go And Go in America's Belmont Stakes has been unable to dispel the gloom that has gathered over Irish racing in recent months.

The special committee set up to investigate non-trainers resigned en-masse having failed to investigate anything and apparently convinced that its powers would be drastically curtailed by the Turf Club. The bleakest news though has been the long-expected announcement that Phoenix Park racecourse is almost certain to close at the end of the year.

Professionals on both sides of the Irish Sea appreciate that the track's owners have sustained huge losses, but serious and thoughtful trainers like John Oxx are still astonished that the Turf Club appears to be doing so little to save the park where Jonathan Irwin is still partly in charge. It's not hard to see in the machinations the influence of the same Turf Club — Curragh traditionalists who put the torch to Irwin's reign and ideas at Goffs. And while this year's fourth — and last — Cartier Million sale is still nearly four months away, details of the way in which Irwin was ousted by Turf Club senior steward Dr Michael Dargan continue to leak out in a manner that hardly bodes well for the future of the company and its auctions.

The suspicion that last November's fateful board meeting was set up as an ambush for Irwin has been increased by the revelation that three possible allies, all of whom have seen their fortunes flourish since, elected not to speak out in his favour at the time. David Nagle has subsequently achieved his ambition of being elected to the Turf Club. Robert Griffin has been made chief of the Curragh committee and Philip Myerscough now has Irwin's old job as Goffs chief executive. Mi-

chael Dargan, a member of Opus Dei (Catholicism's answer to freemasonry) is suspected of having orchestrated these moves.

The other main objection to Dargan is that having lost Goffs its chief asset, he has nothing in his own record to suggest that he is up to chairing a small company involved in the breeding and selling of thoroughbred racehorses. While he was in charge at Aer Lingus it was then one of only two airlines in the world to try to buy rather than lease its planes and the financial consequences were disastrous.

UN NEWS

THREEScore and tenured, big-hearted Javier Perez de Cuéllar, UN secretary-general, has done it again — this time for a UN employee from Mali.

A Mr Cissé decided to send his son to an expensive school back home in the Malian city of Gao, and claimed reimbursement of the school fees from the UN. Certificates of attendance, letter-headed receipts and even school report cards were made available in return for thousands of UN dollars. When the cost of the lycée was questioned and the Malian government was asked to confirm it, a letter even came from the Malian foreign ministry praising the establishment and attaching a presidential citation.

But someone thought it still a bit fishy (Mali, after all, was home to a fish farming project that produced fish at more than \$2,000 a pound) and further checks revealed that there was only one school in Gao and it was free and the man's child did not attend it.

Mr Cissé was sacked for fraud and there followed the usual nonsense with the Malian ambassador repeatedly but unsuccessfully asking for his reinstatement. The ambassador then involved his minister of foreign affairs and de Cuéllar, the old

softy, declared on 8 June that the case would be reopened "and examined with the greatest of concern for justice and all the compassion which it merits".

Eye readers may recall that compassion was not high on the agenda when Chinese UN staff were sacked for supporting the democracy movement. But there is *some* justice. The UN administrative tribunal has ruled that de Cuéllar broke the UN charter by sacking the Chinese and so must either reinstate them or pay them three years' salary.

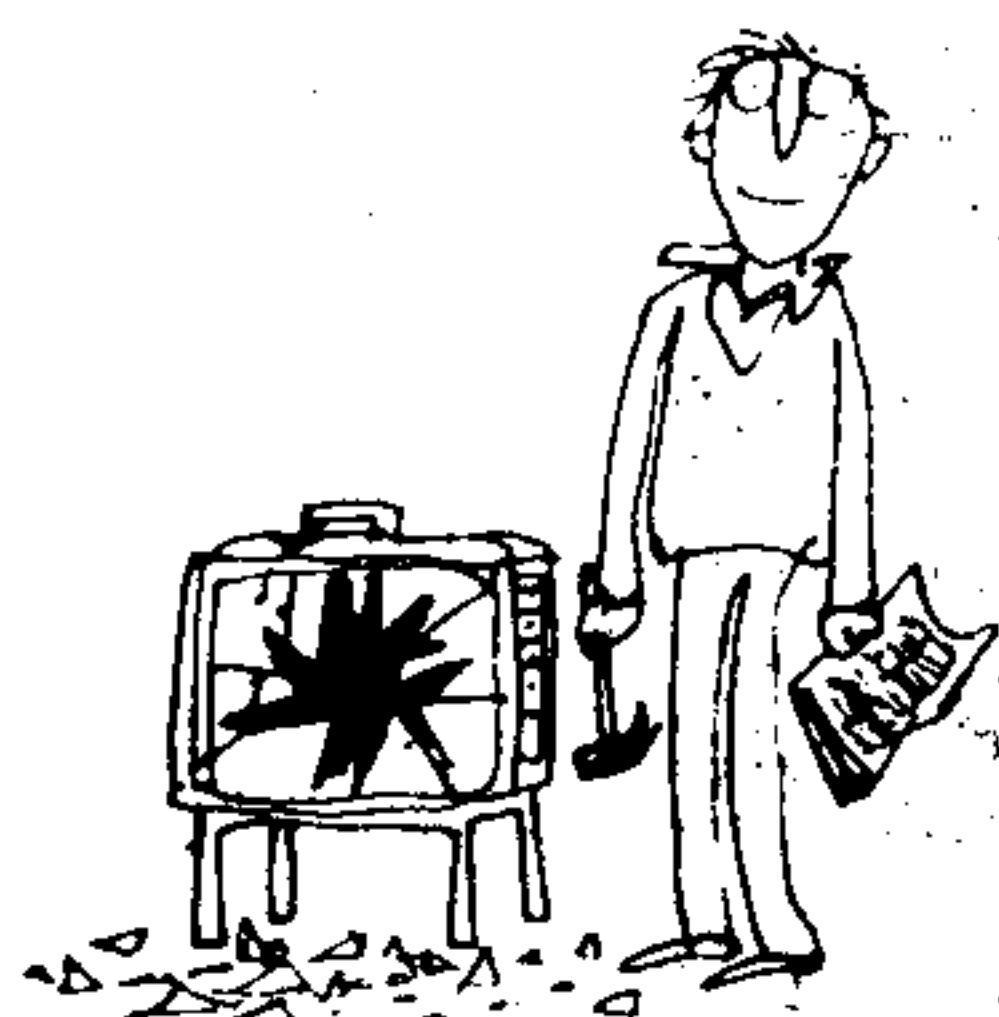
campaign

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STONES MAY BREAK
MY BONES
WHIPS AND CHAINS
EXCITE ME
YOU'LL ALWAYS BE
EXCITED WITH
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The Lancaster Citizen

Contributor: S.H. Phillips

All dismal advertising gratefully received. £10 paid for entries printed.



MEDIA NEWS

IT'S A small, small world and for corpulent QC Louis Blom-Cooper it is increasingly full of familiar faces.

Last year we reported that as well as chairing the Press Council and a health service quango, Lucky Louis had become chairman of ICSTIS, the catchily-titled Independent Committee for the supervision of Standards of Telephone Information Services.

This body monitors so-called premium calls, the 0898-lines which cost up to 38p a minute. Cynics claim that ICSTIS is a desperate attempt by the telephone companies to head off legislation from MPs who are appalled at the cost and nature of the services.

Blom-Cooper, who collects up to £25,000 a year from ICSTIS, is vehement in defence of his committee and claims that it is completely independent of the telephone companies, despite the fact that they pay all the "watchdog's" costs. Naturally, Louis also defends the integrity of the Press Council which is also financed entirely by the industry it is supposed to regulate.

Now, by one of those happy coincidences of commercial life, both bodies will get their largest membership fees from the same person — Rupert Murdoch. For earlier this month Britain's biggest 0898-operator Broadsystem Ltd was bought by Britain's biggest media group, the Dirty Digger's News International.

Given that the Press Council and ICSTIS are completely independent of each other and of their sources of finance, this development is unlikely to worry their respective chairmen, the independent Louis Blom-Cooper and the independent Louis Blom-Cooper. It may, however, come as a bit of a surprise to the editors of the *Sun* and the *News of the World*, both of whom have run editorials criticising 0898 rip-offs.

BRITAIN is not the only country where independent television is at risk.

A show in New Zealand called *Frontline* has landed itself in a lot of trouble after it attempted to expose the business contacts and interests of members of the Labour government. After a tremendous fuss the programme's producer was sacked. However, Television NZ has said that it would maintain its fearless coverage of current affairs.

In pursuit of this coverage it has hired Linda McDougall, wife of Britain's celebrity Labour MP Austin Mitchell to do a series of investigative probes. But why hire a Pom to do a Kiwi's job, moan local hacks? Ms McDougall is a first class producer. She is also a close friend of the broadcasting minister, Jonathan Hunt.

With the government threatening to privatise TVNZ Ms McDougall must be more fearless than ever to reassure sceptics of the move.

THE BATTLE of the airwaves between Spectrum Radio and the pirate Radio Caroline (*Eye* 743) has moved to Fulham Football Club in west London where the totally inept IBA has just stuck Spectrum's new aerial.

It occupies a corner of the quaint bulldozer-threatened Craven Cottage ground which apparently offers ideal conditions — an open field and the adjacent River Thames. Indeed the site was so tempting that IBA radio bods put up the aerial before winning planning permission from Hammer-smith council.

The aerial means Spectrum's target ethnic audience can hear the new station's test signal clearly on 990 KHz. Listeners who like more atmosphere from their radio can also tune to 558 KHz which Spectrum is being forced to "share" with Caroline.

The 558m fiasco is the fault of the IBA, according to Spectrum, and the resulting noise sounds either like a "light aircraft or a Hoover, depending on your hearing". So why are the two music makers sharing the same frequency?

As previously reported, the Government wants Caroline off the air for good and is trying to silence her by jamming her frequency with the new Spectrum signal. Spectrum feels it is being used as a stick with which to beat Caroline, having been told by the IBA that 558m was the only waveband available. Only when Spectrum threatened to sue did the IBA reluctantly find a free space on 990m.

"900 KHz is only temporary," says Spectrum. "The 558m frequency will be ours when Caroline gets sick of broadcasting to thin air or the Government boards their vessel." Stay tuned.

SECURITY NEWS

CONTROVERSY continues to rage over the military career of Dr Barry Rider (see *Eyes passim* and Letters).

How can it be that there is apparently no record of Dr Rider being a gunner when Lord Gnome has in his possession an application from the doctor to join the UN in which he discloses that he is a major in the Royal Artillery (Hongkong)? There is also a card in which he refers to himself as a major and a letter signed by him as a "Lt-colonel, under-secretary".

Following recent stories in the *Eye* a number of speakers and delegations have pulled out from an economic crime conference that Rider is helping to organise at Jesus College, Cambridge, this summer. Two Americans — including the very able John Schockey from the US Treasury department and a speaker from justice, as well as the Mounties, the Australian, Swiss and Hongkong police forces are all among the party-poopers.

This has forced a rethink on the organisers, the International Maritime Bureau, run by Eric Allen, a former assistant chief constable. He must be a worried man. His conference convener is none other than the Bermuda attorney-general Saul Froomkin (*Eyes passim*), for whom the last two weeks have not been kind. Already under a cloud because of an impending contempt action in Bermuda, he now faces the possibility of a parliamentary tribunal inquiring into his other activities and unique accounting methods.

'Square Eyes' is on maternity leave.

HUNT NEWS

ANOTHER hunt saboteur has come up against police indifference over the prosecution of hunt supporters for assault.

Earlier this year the *Eye* reported the case of Martin Masterman-Lister, a hunt saboteur who was beaten up by supporters of the Ytene Mink Hunt in July 1989. Although he was able to identify his principal attackers and despite medical evidence to show that he had sustained a broken nose and severe bruising, the Crown Prosecution Service decided there was insufficient evidence for a prosecution.

Now the *Eye* has learned that a similar incident has occurred this year in Worcestershire, with remarkably similar consequences.

Mrs Gertrude Cowling, who is in her forties, was out with a group of hunt sabs on 13 January at a meet of the Clifton Upon Teme Foxhounds. During the meet, so Mrs Cowling has alleged in a deposed statement, the Master of the Clifton Upon Teme Foxhounds, David Parker, not only rode at her while abusing her verbally, but also lashed out twice with his whip at her bare arm.

That evening Mrs Cowling made an official complaint of assault at Worcester City Police Station and visited the casualty department of Worcester Infirmary. A friend took some photographs of the injury which showed that the whipping had left a weal approximately four inches long and a quarter of an inch wide.

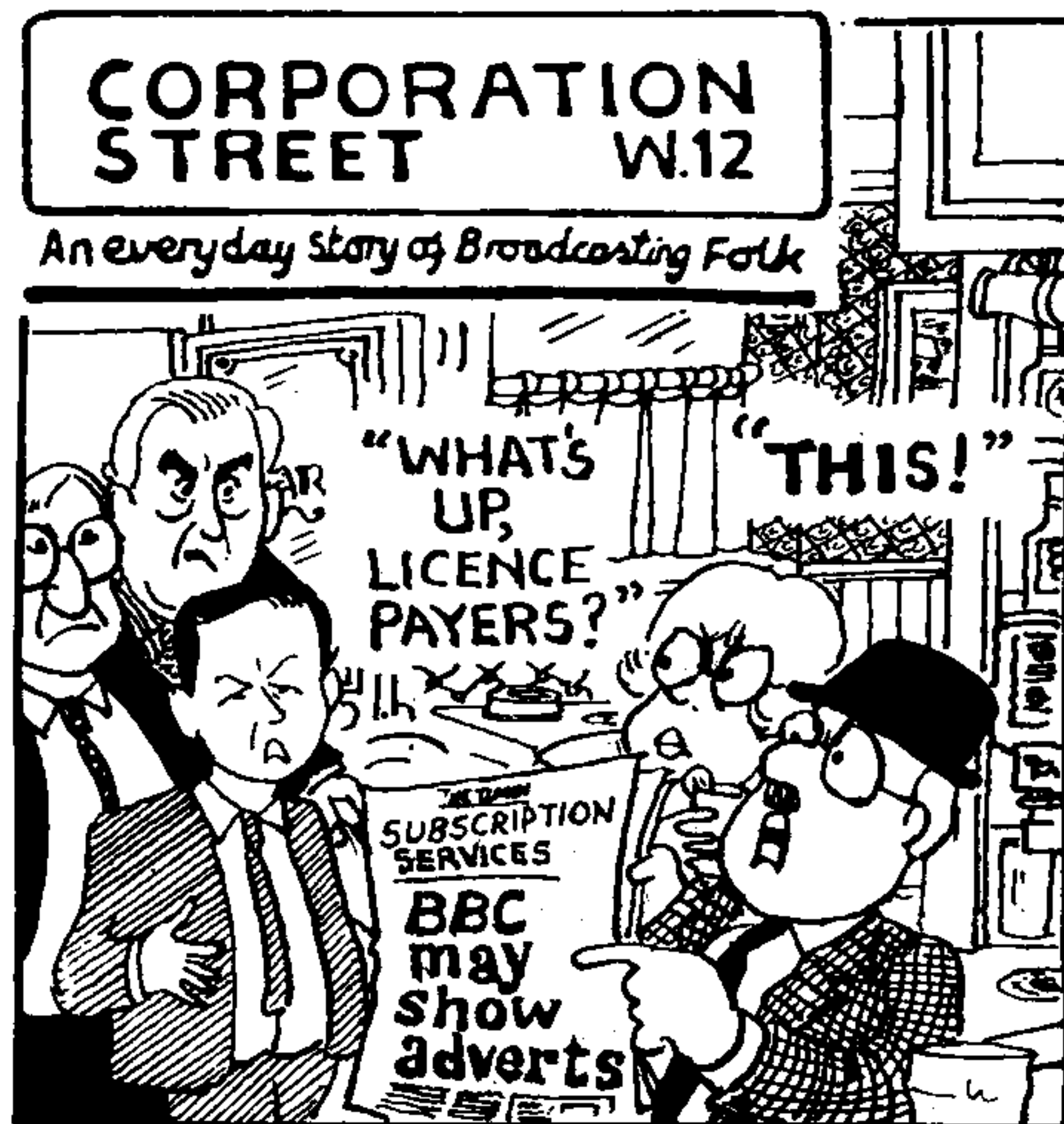
On 5 March a woman police constable called on Mrs Cowling at her home and, in the presence of Mrs Cowling's daughter and a friend called Mr Brown, told Mrs Cowling that the CPS had chosen not to institute proceedings. Yet when Mr Brown subsequently wrote to the CPS stressing the merits of Mrs Cowling's case — namely, a clear witness statement from Mrs Cowling, a corroborative witness statement from another person in his forties and of good character, and the medical evidence — the CPS responded by saying that it had not been consulted about the case.

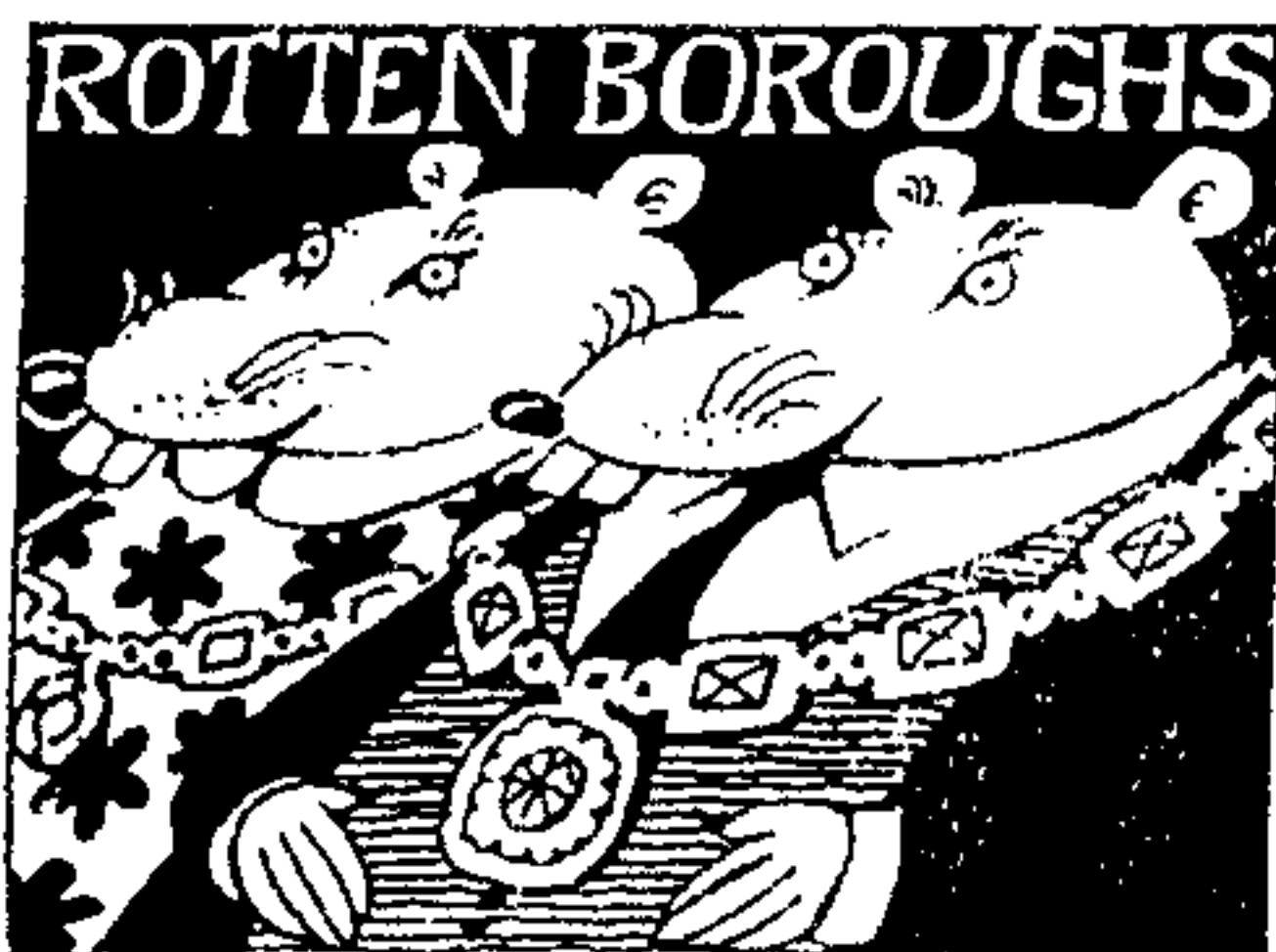
Next Mrs Cowling complained to the police and was told by the deputy chief constable of West Mercia that her case had been referred to Hereford, to "the office which deals with such matters" and that it had been dropped according to the procedure and guidance of the police and CPS.

Interestingly Mrs Cowling was one of several hunt sabs who last year were cleared at Bromyard Magistrates' Court of "action likely to lead to a breach of the peace" at another meet of the Clifton Upon Teme Foxhound. The sabs were vindicated and the police failed in their effort to have them bound over. In that case the prosecution had relied heavily on the evidence of David Parker.

Since her attempt to obtain a criminal prosecution had failed, Mrs Cowling issued proceedings for a small claim in damages for the assault in the county court.

The claim was issued for £100 damages, but at a pre-arbitration hearing in Worcester County Court, Mr Registrar Hill concluded that the case was unsuitable for arbitration given that the Master of Foxhounds was no ordinary person and that the allegation made against him should be the subject of a full trial. Mrs Cowling, who is happy to admit that she is an ordinary person, is unsure whether she can afford the costs of such a trial.





MANCHESTER

FAILED newspaper magnate Eddie Shah is back in business after the collapse of *The Post*. The mercurial ex-*Stockport Messenger* publisher has been enlisted by the propaganda wing of the Central Manchester Conservative Action Committee (CMAC) to help halt socialism's totalitarian march onwards in the would-be olympic city.

CMAC are producing a quarterly magazine, *Mancunian Manager*, aimed at the city's business community but they have surprisingly failed to send a copy to Manchester Central Library's renowned commercial section.

Even with his undoubted talents, Shah has his work cut out. Manchester's blue corner is still reeling from the adverse publicity it received last year when council group leader John Kershaw was caught showing nude photos of young boys at a party meeting (*Eyes passim*). Morally upright Tory colleagues were also shocked to discover that a Tory club in south Manchester was being used to show blue videos. Kershaw was claiming to live at the club in order to be eligible to be a Manchester city councillor.

MURKEYSIDE

KEVA COOMBES must be at an all-time personal low having lost his job as leader of Liverpool City Council and any chance of being a prospective parliamentary candidate, as predicted in *Eye* 741. He's also been "retired" from law firm Phillips, David, Harris and Whalley.

This appears to be rough justice when one considers that Dennis Whalley, one of Keva's erstwhile bosses, made £120,000 (net of tax) from the notorious Finch Lane land deal. Keva's claim that Whalley's interest "came as a big surprise" to him strained the credulity of even the naivest Murkeysiders. Now Keva has gone it is hoped the city won't lose five million quid every time one of its prime sites is sold to a supermarket chain!

Keva's political downfall was due to his over tolerant approach to the "Pol Pot"-style Murkeysiders. 15 of whom are now excluded from the Labour group because of their refusal to toe the Kinnock line on poll tax. Three other members of the "Sainsbury Set" — so called because of their shopping habits — were also axed.

Keith Hackett, former finance chairman and Boy Wonder to Keva's Caped Crusader, tried to prevent the night of the long knives by claiming that leading members of the pro-Kinnock faction had gone on a dirty weekend and dishonestly claimed expenses for it. Hackett didn't do his case much good when he admitted that he'd connived in the expenses fiddle too!

THE CITY's new Labour regime can only gain credibility by exposing the corruption of previous regimes and the dodgy land sales have to be investigated. Attention should also be paid to the antics surrounding Croxteth Community Comprehensive School.

In the aftermath of Hillsborough, teacher Alan Corkish was sacked from "Crockie Comp" on the evidence of 11 year olds for allegedly making sick jokes about the disaster. The evidence consisted of signed statements from pupils, all of whom spelt the word "squashed" correctly. When asked about this, the head teacher said it reflected the high standard of English taught at the school!

Believing he had been framed, Corkish wired himself up with a tape recorder when he went to the head's study. He has since been reinstated and Coombes has admitted the whole episode was "a mistake".

Preferential treatment shown to Crockie Comp over staffing, finance and sabbatical leave has prompted teaching unions to call for an inquiry. Charges that Militant uses school equipment to produce its literature will also be investigated.

HACKNEY

LABOUR-LED Hackney Council has a strange attitude towards those in the borough — the poorest in England — who waste its funds.

Its leaders have just elected 57-year-old Shuja Shaikh as mayor, six years after his political career nearly foundered after allegations that he had misused council grants.

Labour councillor Shaikh won a motion calling for his resignation thanks to the then mayor's casting vote following an investigation into the Hackney Muslim Council, which Shaikh ran from 22 Lynmouth Road. By a remarkable coincidence, Shaikh's home address at the time also happened to be 22 Lynmouth Road.

Councillors were concerned that although Hackney Muslim Council received grants of £25,000, £7,000 went to Shaikh himself for personal expenses and £11,000 went to one Mrs Tehera Shaikh for her role as "community worker" and, no doubt, for her role as Shaikh's wife.

An internal probe by Labour councillors found that nothing untoward had taken place except that Shaikh had failed to declare a personal interest in the organisation despite being present at meetings when grants to the body were approved. But a second investigating team, which included opposition members, urged that Shaikh should resign and the file be sent to the Director of Public Prosecutions. Labour leaders responded by clearing Shaikh and recommending that more money be made available to Hackney Muslim Council.

ACROSS Hackney's continental divide, meanwhile, detectives are looking into the labyrinthine workings of local African community organisations run by "Dr" Adu Seray-Wurie, beaten Labour candidate last May in Hackney's token middle class ward, De Beauvoir.

Seray-Wurie, a convicted drugs smuggler jailed in 1978 for four years for bringing £23,000 of cannabis into Britain, runs a network of African community groups including the Hackney African Organisation. This is being investigated by Hackney council, the Charities Commission and the fraud squad amid allegations of VAT, tax and funding irregularities.

A report by chartered accountants M J Ventham & Co shows that although the group received nearly £350,000 from Hackney ratepayers via council grants in 1987 and 1988, it could not pay a £21,000 rates bill on its Dalston premises last year and owed £37,000 VAT.

The council is also scrutinising the affairs of the Seray-Wurie-run African Development Agencies (ADA) which manage community programme schemes. Despite receiving more than £100,000 a year in public money, by April 1989 they too were insolvent. After asking Hackney council to pay more than £20,000 building work on its Dalston HQ, ADA presented the town hall with a bill for £185,000!

When it examined the group's financial records, it was discovered that — tragically — the HQ had twice been burgled and documents were gone. It later turned out that one "burglary" had occurred when the front door was left open while the manager was upstairs.

Seray-Wurie believes he is the victim of a conspiracy by a previous council regime and claims the whole thing is "malicious".



"Is this a dagger I see before me?"

SWANSEA

IN THE dilapidated home of socialism, it's good to see that Labour stalwart Tyssul Lewis is still setting a high moral example for his constituents.

Recently, while the ageing Swansea council leader was driving round his fiefdom, he saw a stationary vehicle by the kerb and manoeuvred his car on to the pavement, collided with the crash barrier and then fled the scene having temporarily forgotten both the incident and his identity.

When Inspector Knacker later called, Lewis, in a rare display of modesty dodged behind the curtains in his daughter's upstairs bedroom. Eagle-eyed cops sent the hapless Lewis to Port Talbot magistrates, who fined him £450 on three charges — careless driving, failing to give his name and address to the police and failing to report an accident.

Lewis had been at a function at Swansea City Football Club. On this occasion he had left his fellow revellers more soberly than when he last shared their company and was so overcome by festivities at the town hall that he could only slur a few words of pre-prandial Grace.

Sally Deedes

THE NEW contract the Government is proposing for dentists is likely to drive many of them out of the NHS and into private practice.

This is not good news for patients. Although the contract looks helpful, obliging dentists to do emergency work on the NHS and forbidding them to do private work on an NHS patient without permission, in practice it may work out differently.

Dentists claim the present mix of NHS and private work effectively subsidises the NHS; but the Government's introduction of the new contract without introducing enough money to pay for it will only result in a total exit from the NHS for many surgeries.

A pay rise below inflation has not made dentists any more sympathetic to the contract; but although the public is not itself hugely sympathetic to dentists it might be worth listening to them this time.

Said one: "We don't want to be rich dentists — but we do want to be able to hire and provide a proper NHS service."

The introduction of the contract might make that impossible.



HUSBAND



Letters

Welbeck

Sir,
The London Welbeck Hospital Ltd — Dr R Ghanadian
We act for our above mentioned clients and we write with connection to an article headed "on the square" which appeared in your magazine dated the 16th March 1990.

We are instructed to point out:

1 That no contract lucrative or otherwise has been awarded to our client by Ravenscourt Laboratories or Ravenscourt Holdings.

2 Dr Ghanadian is not in partnership with Dr Gordon Kells.

3 Dr Ghanadian does not own 100 Harley Street.

4 Whilst a closure order has been made against the Hospital by the Bloomsbury Health Authority this is being appealed by our client.

We would be grateful if you would print a suitable correction in terms to be agreed with us and await hearing from you accordingly.

In the meantime all our clients rights are reserved.

Yours faithfully,
TEACHER STERN SELBY,

London, WC1.

Soldier of fortune

Sir,
DR BARRY RIDER — SECURITY NEWS — EYES 742 & 743

You may be amazed and delighted to hear that no entry can be found in either the "Blue List" of The Royal Regiment of Artillery, or The Army List Part III (Biographical) for an officer of that name.

It is inconceivable that a serving officer would be able to hold the appointments claimed. There remains the saucy possibility that he is involved with the Army Cadet Force or the Combined Cadet Force of a school.

In that dim possibility, wherein he would be listed in neither of the above documents, it could be that he swaggers about in Gunner regalia obtained in the secondhand market or from the local amateur dramatic wardrobe cupboard.

One wonders if, like "Richard Davies", he is likely to be a non-person.

I think we should be etc,

Yours faithfully,
TIM MORLEY,

Retired gunner, Stockbridge, Hants.

Rotton boroughs

Sir,
Does Backbiter never check his facts, even before lunch?

His suggestion that there is a fraudulent plan to register all expatriate voters in marginal seats (Eye 743) is not only ludicrous, it is impossible.

Electoral Registration Officers have to carry out meticulous steps to satisfy themselves that the overseas applicants have lived in their constituencies within the previous 20 years. So precise are those rules that where an ERO does not have the old electoral registers on which to check back himself, he is required to check with the Electoral Registers Room at the British Library where back copies of all registers are kept.

The scheme and those responsible for implementing it are entirely honourable and trustworthy. Why else would Roy Hattersley on behalf of the Labour Party have embraced it so enthusiastically?

Yours faithfully,
SIR JAMES SPENCER MP,
Chairman, Conservatives Abroad.

Unemployed

Sir,

To the best of my knowledge I have never referred to any politician as a "bloated Tory twat". "Twat" is a horrible Northern expression which I hope I have never employed.

Perhaps your correspondent (Eye 743) has me confused with Julie Burchill, ex of the NME. It is a common mistake due to the proximity of our surnames and our nearly identical beards.

Best wishes,
GARRY BUSHELL,

The Sun.

Hitler youth

Sir,

Garry Bushell (Eye 743) is too modest. He didn't merely write about skinhead bands in the Seventies. He was IN one.

Who can forget The Blood, and their classic renditions of such masterpieces as Gestapo Khazi and Hitler Was A Homo?

Come on, Gazza; how about a comeback album?

Yours,
CHARLES CATCHPOLE,

News of the World.

No loonies left

Sir,

Isn't Garry Bushell's journey from socialism to "rightwing populism" somewhat old news even for the Eye?

I seem to recall he exposed himself (!) in an article entitled "I used to be a looney, but I'm all Right now" which was published prominently in The Sun after an article on his former politics appeared in Paul Foot's Daily Mirror column (that in turn provoked by an attack on Foot by Bushell in The Sun).

I believe that Bushellism is a dangerous philosophy, if only because it boils down to Alf Garnett with an IQ, or Normo Tebbs in the public bar. It would be easier to get worked up about it if Bushell On The Box wasn't also the funniest and most honest TV column in the national press.

Yours,
AIDAN PURSER,

London SE3.

Backtracking

Sir,

I read your Channel tunnel story (PE 8 June 1990) with interest. Here are some facts readers and potential investors might like to bear in mind next time Alistair Morton comes round with his begging bowl:

1 If BR's traffic figures are accurate (set low to appease the Department of Roads & Company Cars) then there is no need for new links to London;

2 BR's own figures for freight suggest that a third and even fourth track under the Channel will be needed;

3 BR secretly wants the project to go bust just after it is completed so it can buy the tunnel off the receivers for next to nothing (thus saving it millions in levies to Morton);

4 If the new link to London and the terminals either side of the tunnel mouth are dropped, then the project can be completed on time and under budget;

5 BR finished its last two major civil engineering projects ahead of time and under budget; and

6 None of the projections for traffic take account of the EEC's secret proposals to put tachographs on company cars or to properly enforce the existing tachograph regulations for lorries or even plans by major transatlantic shipping companies to put their containers onto BR in the West Country, South Wales and Liverpool and let the train take the strain.

Yours faithfully,
CHRIS YOUETT,

Coventry.

Mugs

Sir,

Your obnoxious publication is read by very few residents of the Borough of Lewisham and so your recent references to Lewisham have only just been brought to my attention.

Whilst appreciating that it is not your usual policy to print anything true or factual the following points might interest those of your readers capable of thinking for themselves.

1 The Town Hall extension was first proposed nearly twenty years ago and hasn't added a penny to the poll tax. In fact it saves money because we no longer have to rent crappy offices from greedy property companies.

2 The road between the buildings will be moved — by the Government — the plans for the rest of the South Circular do not affect this.

3 The abolition of ILEA by the Government has meant finding homes for hundreds of staff — the new building makes this possible.

4 The money for the mugs was kindly provided by the Government.

5 Millwall's colours are blue and white — blue and yellow have been the Council's colours for many years and pre-date our sponsorship of Millwall.

6 Our poll tax is £297, one of the lowest in London.

7 At the local election we gained nine seats and had a swing to Labour of 6.5 percent.

Yours sincerely,
COUNCILLOR STEVE
BULLOCK,

Leader, Lewisham Council.

Cat-napped

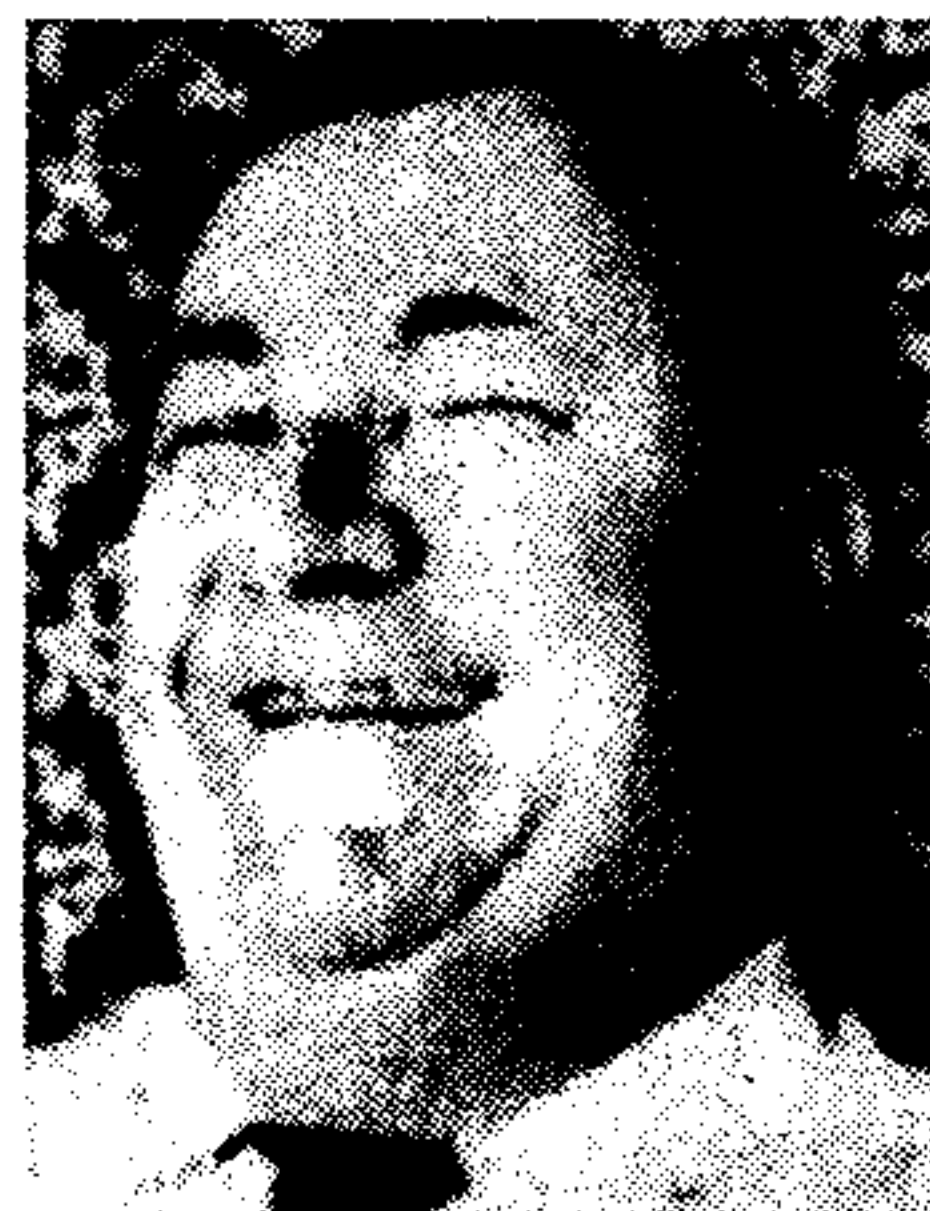
Sir,

Just for the record, your story claiming that Ford had threatened closure of two British assembly plants if the Government did not remove Jaguar's Golden Share, is totally ludicrous. There was never any request from Ford to the Department of Trade and Industry to lift the restrictions on a takeover of the company. No one in his right mind could seriously believe that after nearly 80 years in Britain we would close down all our car making capacity and put our British operations at risk in the way you suggest — or that any Government would ever bow to an ultimatum of that kind.

Yours faithfully,
KENNETH CANNELL,

Director Public and Governmental Affairs,
Ford Motor Co.

Lookalike



Maxwell



Cioba

Sir,

I send you a photograph of Mr Ion Cioba, "Romania's King of the Gypsies". He looks like the greatest publisher of all time "Robert Maxwell." Are they related? I think we should be told.

Yours sincerely,
MR JOHN S MITCHELL,

Warminster, Wilts.

I-SPY



Submitted by Nigel Bramwell. £10 paid for similar submissions. (SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)

Dance macabre

Sir,

In today's Eye Bookworm criticises Melvyn Bragg's Lolita-style paedophilia in his storyline for the novel *A Time to Dance* as a lapse in taste. This is a notable first for Bookworm.

Is the old cynic losing his marbles, arising out of his tub ready to set about the ears of any dubious writer with the carbolic?

Certainly not! To criticise Ian McEwan and his ilk for sadism, cruelty, pederasty and nastiness in their work would be "disingenuous", quoth he (see last Eye). But one has to marvel at Bookworm's foray into a semblance of good taste on this occasion, the only English critic in living memory to do so.

Can we but hope that artistic integrity will be measured anew by reference to a writer's adherence to some moral standards in his or her work? Will Bookworm give us the lead? Will he do it? Can he do it?

Certainly not! Fashionable writers can continue to interpret freedom of speech as misogyny (ad nauseam), but if media personalities such as Melvyn Bragg come along to stand on their pitch, Bookworm's conscience is clear when he wallops him for stealing a march on the prize-winning writers' unholy ground, where lesser mortals should fear to tread, endangering their monopoly.

Bookworm aspires, forlornly I guess, to sit amongst the committees of the great and the good, dispensing literary prizes to those who reach up to the sublimest level of decadence in this age, whose winners surely deserve prizes for the stylish licentiousness of their work, and for the originality of their corrupted imaginations?

Yours faithfully,
CHRIS BODMAN,

London E5.

Busy bees

Sir,

You state: "FACT: Associated Newspapers has a substantial stake in BSB." This is untrue. Associated Newspapers has no investment in BSB.

The only connection between the companies is that the Daily Mail is a minority shareholder, with Yorkshire Television, in New Era Television. New Era is merely one, amongst about 25 independent programme suppliers producing programmes for BSB.

Yours faithfully,
EDWARD BICKHAM,

Director of External Affairs, BSB.

Silly burgers

Sir,

The degree of confusion surrounding BSE does not exist in the understanding of another central nervous system disease, syphilis.

I am reminded that one of the stages of the latter disease en route to insanity is indicated by the presence of Gumma.

Is this significant?

Yours faithfully,
CAROLE KNIGHT,
Registered Nurse.

Saudi Arabia

Witless

Sir,

"Mad Cow" disease may not be a modern phenomenon after all.

I draw your attention to an observation by Sir Andrew Aguecheek in *Twelfth Night*.

"I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit."

Yours faithfully,
A. DUBAIC,

New Mills.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"Dave Cooper — the spark they hope will unlock this formation."

GERRY HARRISON, ITV
(Bill Matthews)

"The beak of the Ayrton Senna chicken is pushing its way through the shell."

MURRAY WALKER, BBC2
(Keith Rhodes)

"When they (the IRA) plant such bombs, it proves they can scare people, it proves they can kill people, it proves nothing."

PETER BOTTOMLEY, GLR
(Kristian Dean)

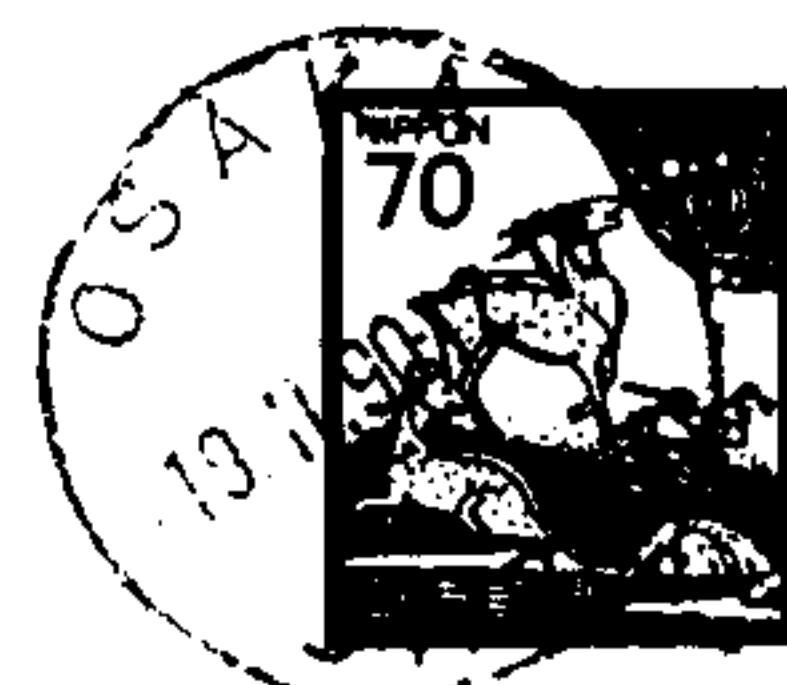
"There's no excuse for pace."

ALEX MURPHY, BBC2
(Ray Miles)

"Gullit... turned to find he had someone standing on his toes."

JOHN MOTSON, BBC TV
(Matt Lewis)

Letter from Japan



from Our Own Correspondent

THE Japanese press has recently unleashed reams of newsprint over the kidnapping earlier this month in the Philippines of Fumio Mizuno, a Japanese "aid worker". Mizuno, of the Japanese Organisation for Industrial, Spiritual and Cultural Advancement (OISCA), was abducted from an OISCA farm, apparently by soldiers of the Philippine New People's Army (NPA).

Our newspapers were indignant that a philanthropist attempting to help an underdeveloped country should be captured by terrorists. Philippine officials were quoted as saying the motive was probably robbery, since Mizuno was carrying a good deal of money on him at the time, and the murkier side of OISCA has remained concealed.

There has been no mention, for example, of the OISCA philosophy which, far from being philanthropic, is a blatant revival of pre-war Japanese militarism. To gain recruits for its overseas work OISCA runs a number of high schools and training centres in Japan. The graduation ceremony involves a march-past by students bearing sabres, to the sound of the "patriotic march" which goes something like this: "Uphold the unbroken line of Emperors/Whom we support for ever./We, the subjects all,/Fulfil the great tasks./With the *hakko ichiu* as one house./Directing the people of the four seas."

Hakko ichiu, meaning "eight worlds, one house," was a favourite expression of pre-war militarism. It defined the unity of Japan under one emperor, but later came to mean unity of the Japanese empire.

OISCA grew out of a quasi-shintoist religion, Ananaiism, founded in 1942 by right-wing zealot Yonosuke Nakano. As Ananaiism spread through Japan its ethnocentric views caused conflicts. Partly to relieve this tension, Nakano set up the "International Cultural Exchange Society" as an offshoot of Ananaiism to "help enhance the education and culture of our country as well as international peace and friendship". The first meeting of the new group, at a 1961 conference, became the prototype for OISCA, founded at the next conference in 1962.

Emphasising agriculture as part of the school curriculum, OISCA has set up model farms and training centres in poor Asian countries. It teaches farming while increasing its influence throughout Asia and spreading the anti-communist message. Despite its clear political bias, OISCA has received money from our government as a bona-fide aid organisation.

Not unnaturally, OISCA has become very unpopular among certain sections of the Filipino population. OISCA volunteers have even needed protection by the Civilian Home Defence Forces, a network of vigilante groups originally set up under Marcos, to carry out their work.

In 1987, OISCA had at least 18 farms and training centres in the Philippines, more than in any other Asian country where it is active. Asian trainees are sent to OISCA centres in Japan, where the OISCA reference book instructs them to pursue the following: 1) Japanese; 2) Manners and etiquette; 3) General knowledge about Japan; 4) Discipline.

Why the Japanese press refuses to delve into OISCA's murky background and prefers instead to issue bland nonsense about an "aid worker helping the country" is not hard to fathom. Not only does the press live in fear of the omnipotent ultranationalist movement (which has a habit of gunning down unbelievers), but OISCA's friends are not the kind of people the Japanese press wants to upset.

One of them is the shady *éminence grise* of Japanese politics Ryoichi Sasagawa, an associate of Robert Maxwell. A powerful mediator among the *yakuza* (our mafia), a world best-seller which exposed much of Sasagawa's mob connections could not find a single publisher here. Sasagawa's famous Shipbuilding Industry Association, of course, provides funds for OISCA.

HOM SAP



BY DAVID AUSTIN

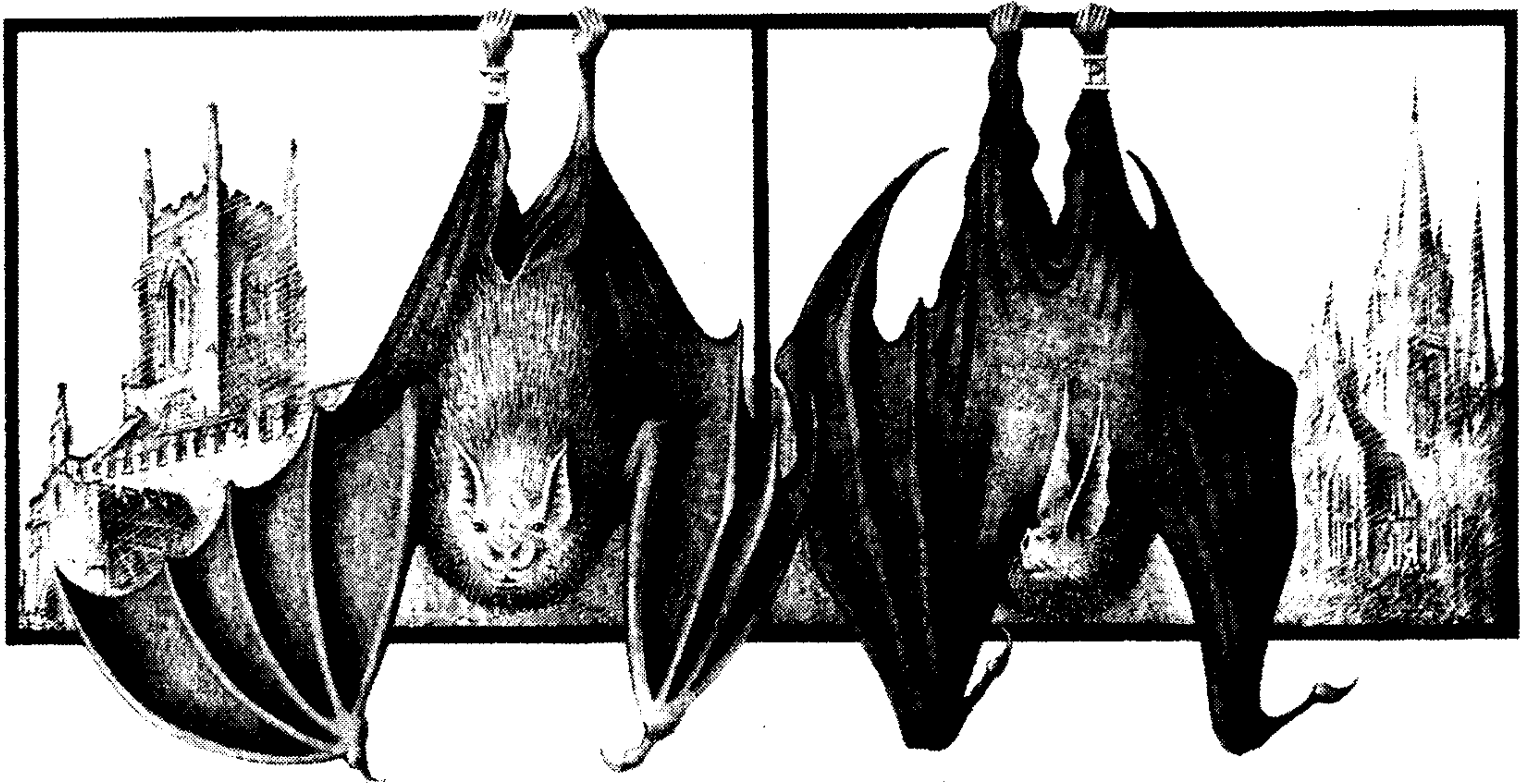
IS IT POSSIBLE TO MOVE THIS ROCK BY THE POWER OF THOUGHT?

I THINK YOU'D BETTER GET THAT OUT OF MY WAY.



CHRISTOPHER LOGUE TRUE STORIES

Illuminated by
BERT KITCHEN



DURING his interview, Mr Gregory O'Corry Crow, a spokesman for the Celtic Bat Group, and one of those conducting Ireland's first survey of bat roosts said: "The CBG's field workers will begin their probe in churches, where, due to a lack of disturbance, bats prefer to live. We will be listing the roosts of both Protestant and Catholic bats. Studies show that the former are attracted to spires and the latter to towers. This Saturday and Sunday we have declared Bat Weekend and we hope to have news of the Great Horseshoe Bat, whose stronghold is in Cork."

ASKED why he would no longer open his surgery after dark, Dr John Lwanda of Airdrie, Dumbarton, explained that a mother of four had stabbed him with a potato knife because he refused to prescribe a wig for her. "And this incident," Dr Lwanda continued, "prevented me from attending a medical course on avoiding violence in surgeries."

DECLARING that his client, Mr Bob Gown, was still in a state of emotional upheaval, Mr Anthony Crawford, a North Shore solicitor said: "As Mr Gown was

leaving Royal Hospital he saw a safe standing unattended in a corridor. Without quite knowing why he manhandled the safe onto a theatre trolley, covered it with a sheet, and wheeled it to his car. Unable to get the safe into his car, he tied the trolley to the bumper and set off home along the eight lane Pacific Highway. When the wheels fell off the trolley he roped the safe to the bumper, and drove on. Hiring an angle-grinder near his home, he spent three hours hacking the back off the safe. The noise made the neighbours call the police who found Mr Gown quite distraught, the safe having had only \$20.00 inside it, and the grinder hire having cost \$50.00.

COMMENTING on Runcorn's record of 28 defeats in 28 games, Mr Ian Swann, secretary of the Runcorn Rugby Club, said: "The Board gave our coach, Dave Chisnell, an overwhelming vote of confidence. And if anyone thinks

this is a preliminary to a soccer-style sacking - they can think again. Dave has done a tremendous job. The players he brought in have had lots of experience.

TENOR Santa Tengo, a dealer in tropical fish from Vizcaya, Spin, has become the world's champion with-buttocks-only walnut cracker. Interviewed outside their shop, Senora Angelina Tengo said: My husband trains intensively. It is very difficult to grip and twist-crack in one movement. Too hard - a lock. Too gentle - a drop. Yesterday, before a large crowd, Tengo cracked 99 Serrana walnuts in groups of three in just under two hours."

ASKED how he came to amputate the wrong leg from Mr Alfons Stina, Dr M. Paul of Ghent, said "We were in a great rush at the hospital. When I asked my superior which

leg to take off, he said 'The cooler one,' and went to attend an emergency."

FOUND guilty of stealing a golden chain from a customer, the transvestite prostitute Nova John was ordered by the Jakartan judge Affandi Nasihin to show her breasts to the court. When Nova John did, judge Nasihin said: "They are just like mine. Very small." "Sir," said Nova John, "they are not as big as they were before I was detained as I have not been able to inject them for two months," and burst into tears. Seven months.

INFORMATION: The Irish Times 19.4.90; General Practitioner 24.4.90; North Shore Times 18.4.90; Rugby Leaguer 19.4.90; Costa Blanca Entertainer 20.4.90; The Irish Times 17.1.90; Jakarta Post 3.5.90.

MONITORS: R. Harvey, D. Thomas, T. Box, D. Hyatt, M. Gould, J. Swann, A. Jones.

O.B.N.

Credibility Gap

Sir, Your supercilious comment concerning Mr Gummer's beefburger (leader, June 1) provokes me to rise to his defence.

The offering of a bite from a beefburger to his daughter was neither silly nor a gaffe. It was a delightfully common touch that gave extra credibility to all he had been saying on radio and television. It come over even better when she appeared to refuse - but this, I gather, was because it was too hot.

Yours sincerely,

REV. DAVID BUBBERS
Letter to The Times

I ENJOYED the article on Jean Rooks's page about the photograph of the cluster of stars known as NGC 3532.

Described by the scientists as beautiful, fantastic and gorgeous, this cluster of stars should, I think, be called a Diana.

MRS R MARTIN
Letter to The Daily Express

Submitted by: E.P. Claringbold, Anon.

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.



"It's nice to be able to go out in the evening while the hooligans are on holiday."

I-SKY

GREAT DISH DASH!

'Fastest-moving electrical product ever known'

By PATRICK HENNESSY

SATELLITE telly is proving its critics wrong and becoming a booming business, it was revealed last night.

More than 700,00 families now have satellite receiving equipment, and experts predict FIVE MILLION homes will be tuning in by the end of 1993.

Yesterday, TV rental giants Thorn EMI revealed that soaring satellite deals helped them beat the High Street spending slump - and boost their profits last year. Fewer people have been hiring TVs and videos from Thorn chains Radio Rentals, DER and Multi-Broadcast - but demand for Sky satellite dishes has soared to 50,000 from almost nothing in just ONE year.

'The Sun'

CONTRIBUTORS: R. Downs.

An occasional column for which readers are invited to submit Sky-plugs masquerading as news items in Murdoch papers. The usual £10 will be paid.

That Fiver Row — Thatch Steps In



by Our Currency Staff
Murray Mint and Marco Polo

Mrs Thatcher today slammed the Bank of England's decision to put George Stephenson on its new £5 notes.

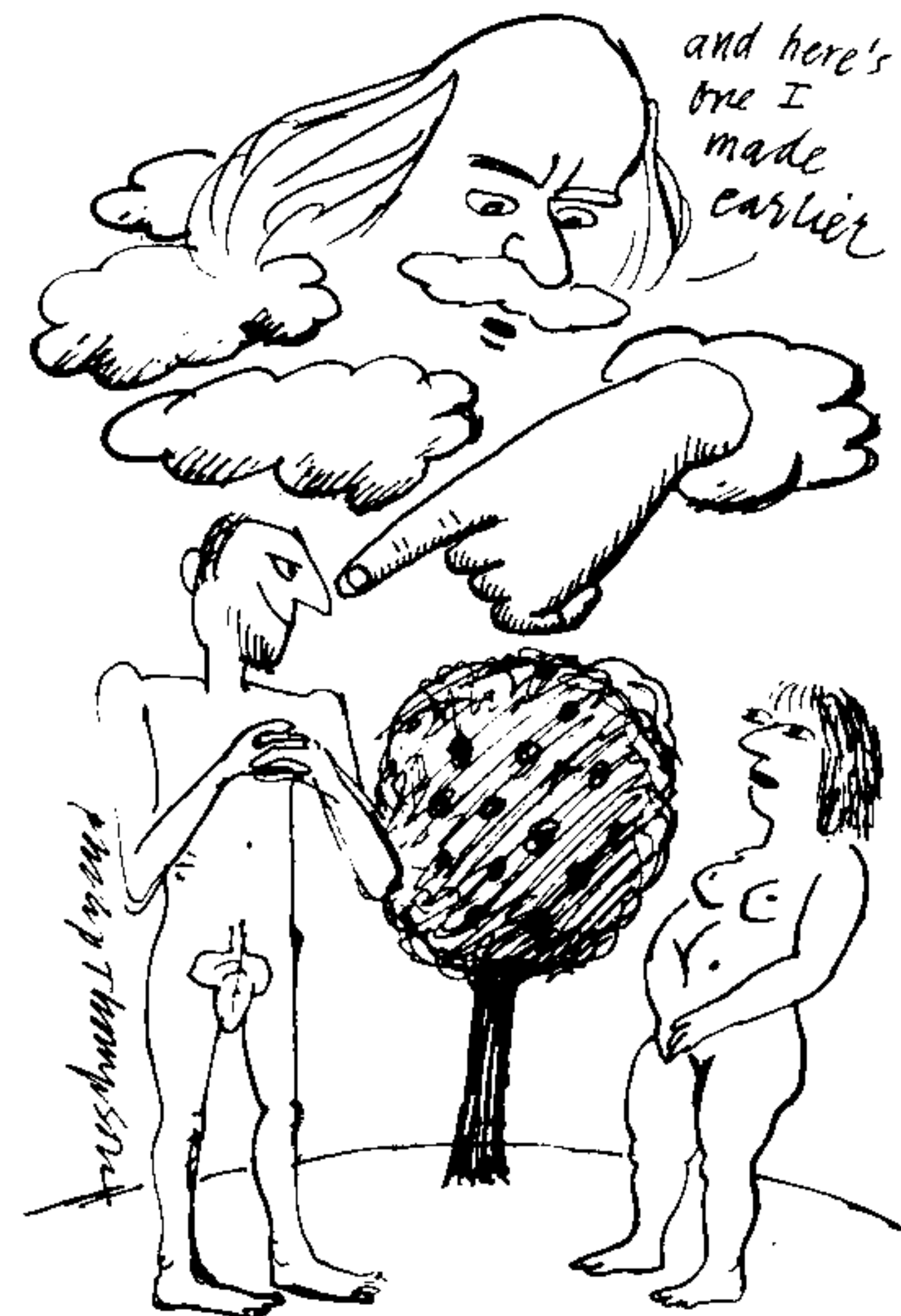
She is furious at the plan to invest billions of pounds of public money in glamorising a man known as the pioneer of Britain's hated railway system.

"How dare they try to brainwash people into thinking that the train is anything other than an over-subsidised threat to individual freedom."

"Why", the Prime Minister fumed "have they not chosen some real English hero such as Henry Ford or Vaclav Skoda?"

"These are the men we should be honouring in the great car economy — not some crackpot victorian inventor with some crazy idea about cars running on rails."

Asked about other changes on the new fiver, Mrs Thatcher said, "I don't mind being on the front — but why have they made me look so old?"



The Animal Liberation Front — An Apology

It is of course totally shocking that totally inadvertently a non-combatant baby was blown up during combat operations by ourselves against the notorious species-ist scientists. In the total war between the forces of the Animal Liberation Front and the war criminals of the establishment there are bound to be casualties. It was not our fault that this baby got in the way of a perfectly legitimate military exercise, and it is typical of the media that they should try to present us as a group of irresponsible sadists trying to inflict pain on a defenceless creature — i.e. the baby — when it is, in fact, the scientists who are totally guilty of doing exactly that to animals.

pp ALF, the military wing
of the Provisional R.S.P.C.A.

*Continuing our
serialization of Alan
Watney's book "How
Brilliant I was in the
Witness Box",
(Duckworth £28.95) one
of the most exciting court
room dramas in the
history of the law.*

Sir Rampton Batman QC: (*Representing Mr Meacher MP*) Now Mr Watkins will you tell the court when you first started writing for the Times?

Alan Watneys: I have never written for the Times.

Sir Rampton: I am so sorry, The

Observer.
Alan Watneys: I accept your apology.
(*Laughter*)

Sir Rampton: And did you not know Mr Meacher quite well?

Watkins: I knew him in the journalistic sense.
(*Laughter*)

Sir Rampton: I mean had you ever met him socially?

Watkins: I am not in the habit of meeting people socially. Certainly not MP's.

Sir Rampton: And what would you say were you to meet Mr Meacher now?

Watneys: I might say "Pleased to Meacher!"
(*Watneys dissolves in laughter at own joke*)

Justice Cocklecarrot: Who is Michael Meacher?
(*To be continued*)

Reprinted from The Observer.

22 JUNE 1990 • THE SUNDAY TIMES

TOP TEN BORES

This Week	Last Week	Weeks on List
1 Clive James	1	109
2 Roy Hattersley	7	4
3 Stan Gebbler Davies	—	1
4 Robert Robinson	2	306
5 Sir Richard Attenborough	10	3
6 Julian Critchley	8	78
7 Simon Jenkins	—	1
8 Lord Beloff	—	1
9 Libby Purves	8	23
10 Lord Young	1	11

Compiled by the British Institute of Bores in association with Borewatch.

Denis is on holiday



Sir Frankly Pissed, Novelist



Sir Jimwell Fixit, Television Personality



Dame Barbara Cartland, Former Minister of Transport

Birthday Honours

(continued from page one) services to the Breadfruit Industry in the British Goldsmith Islands, Mr Maori Christmas, Chief Tourism Officer District of Dunwoody, NZ; Mrs Edna O'Brien, sub-postmistress, Bally Legover, County Antrim;

N.K.V.D.

Dr Christopher Barkworth, Architectural Consultant to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; Mr N.C.P. Bugging-Device, Regional Director of Pay 'n' Park Ltd, Services to Industrial espionage; Mr Abul Khilrushdie, Chairman Birmingham Sari Emporium, large sums of money to the Conservative Party.

B.S.M.

Mr Morris Tripe, services to English Crown Bowls; Mrs Beryl Hattin, Clay Pigeon Shooting for the Elderly (Powys), Mr Donald McTroosers, Services to the Promotion of Glasgow, European City of Culture;

Knight Commander, Order of the Royal Closet (Queen's Gift).

Major General Sir Julian Clary, Commander of the Night Watch (Holyrood); Dame Tomasina Driberg, Lady of the Queen's Cottage (Balmoral); Sir Tristram de Quince Hamilton Wykeham Meatloaf, crazy name, crazy guy!

(That's enough honours, Ed.)

HEIR OF SORROWS

BY
SYLVIE KRIN

*THE STORY SO FAR: There is to be a new £5 note and Charles keenly awaits its appearance...
Now read on...*

It really is... encouraging." Charles eagerly opened another sack of fan mail and pulled out a letter with a Somerset postmark. He slipped his carved ivory-style paper knife (a gift from his friend Jonathon Stoneground, the director of Friends of the Forest) under the edge of the manilla envelope and extracted yet another complimentary letter.

"Listen to this Fitztightly," Charles addressed his equerry, scarcely concealing his pride. "Dear your Majesty... isn't that wonderfully informal in a formal sort of way?"

"Yes indeed sire," soothed the distinguished equerry who Diana had once remarked bore an uncanny resemblance to someone on the television called what was it? Stephen Crisp... Dry... Fry... something like that. He read on:

"Your Majesty is doing this great country of ours (of which my wife and I look forward to your being the titular head with all our hearts) a wonderful and glorious service in your programme about the evils of architects in the pay of Satan."

Fitztightly raised an eyebrow in concern. Surely he had taken out all the letters from the deranged or from those who disagreed with Charles' views? Clearly one had got through. Charles was still reading:

"We applied for a transfer of Council accommodation in the July of 1983 but the local council who are freemasons in the pocket of Beelzebub and the KGB have deliberately ignored my request whilst giving our neighbours from the Caribbean £1 million a week..."

Charles stopped reading and looked up from the closely printed green ink underlined in red. Fitztightly deftly slipped in and removed the letter from Charles' hands.

"I don't think we need to read any more sire. Have a look at this one!"

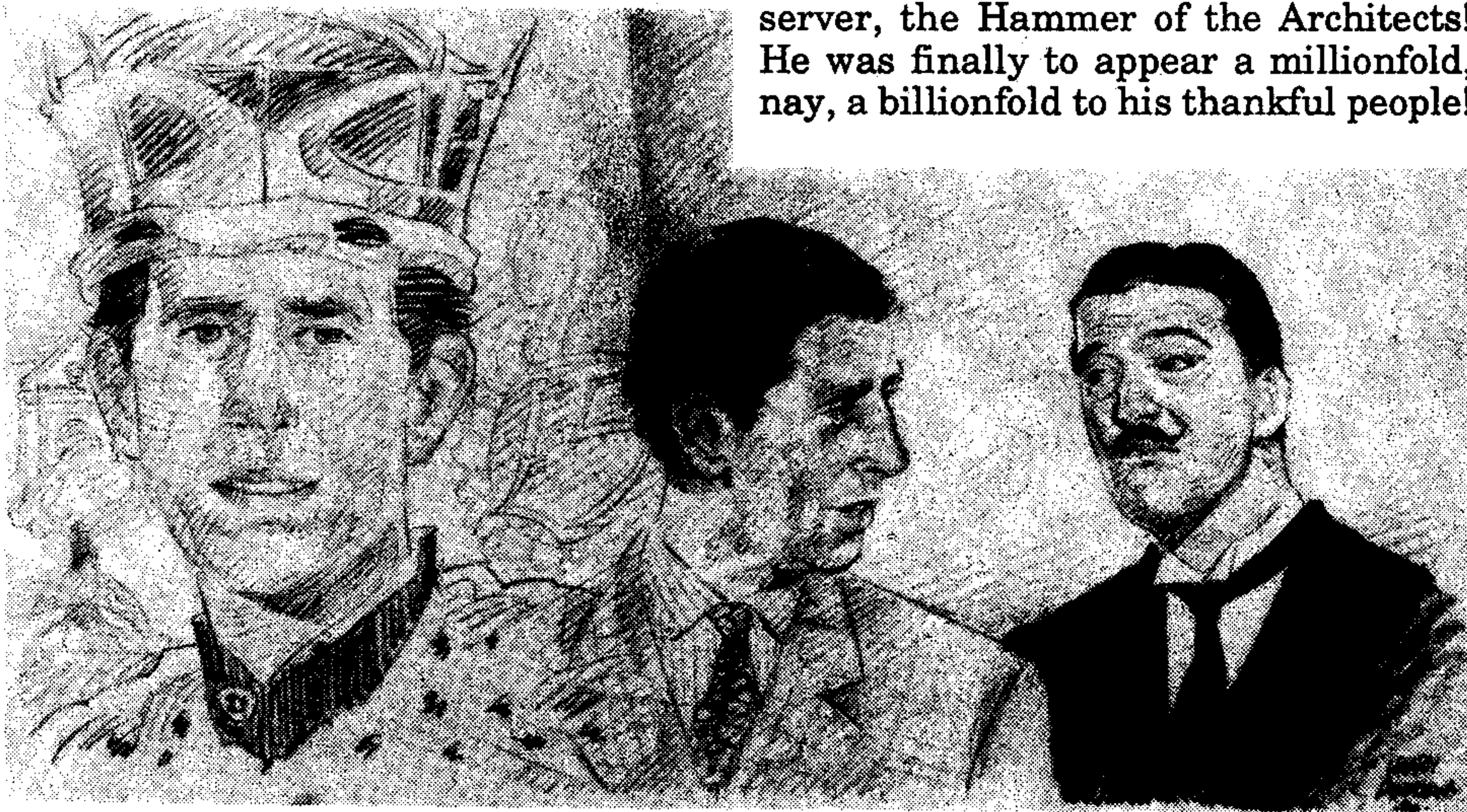
He handed Charles a postcard from Hay-on-Rye, showing the Civic Centre and carrying the message "Welcome to

the Hay-on-Rye Literary Festival." Charles turned it over to read:

Hello your Majy-Loon! Congrats and hats off for TV spectacular ding-ding diddle-eye yakky-po!

*Fondest,
Spike Milligoon
(aka yer old chum Neddy)*

The Prince felt the warm glow as he savoured the tribute from the long-time fellow campaigner on ecological matters. To be recognised by one's peers, that was a real acknowledgement. The sackfuls of mail from a grateful British Public were terrific in their way, and let's face it they were a marvellous vindication of his chosen... thingy, but when someone who one admired admired one back... indeed his old friend



and mentor Sir Laurens van der Post had touched on this during one of their walks across the Antarctic:

"When the Emperor Penguin lays its eggs, then they are Emperor Eggs."

Charles thought about it again. In all probability, it would have to be said that, as sayings go, this *was* true, very, very, true.

Sir Alan coughed politely.

"It is eleven o'clock sire. You have an appointment at the Bank of England to see the new £5 note. I am told you will be pleasantly surprised at the change."

"Really?" what was Fitztightly hinting at? Could it be the change that so many of his letters had advocated...?

And here sire is where the paper goes through into the press." The small, rotund official from the Bank of England pointed a fleshy finger at the giant Rijkaard and Gullit printing machine.

Charles followed Sir David Bovril impatiently. He was eager to see the end product and after an hour of admittedly fascinating explanations of the process of printing paper currency of the realm he was still no nearer to seeing the £5 note — what he was told the man in the street called "a Greavsie."

Sir David Bovril continued, gesturing the Prince towards the end of the press. "And over here is where the money actually comes out, if you would just like to step this way."

Charles felt his heart beating faster. "And what was it you were saying earlier about forgery?" he asked.

The Bank of England functionary smiled with self-satisfaction.

"We've initiated two changes that we think will prevent forgeries. One is that the note is much smaller and the second..."

Charles was staring at a red light on the machine which flashed the message "£5 Note Printing Now."

"...the second is that we have totally changed the Royal Portrait."

There was a whirring noise and a clang as a tiny blue paper object fell into a plastic tray. Charles picked it up eagerly. A change of portrait? A new head? Yes, that *was* what they meant! At last! King Charles the Good, the Conserver, the Hammer of the Architects! He was finally to appear a millionfold, nay, a billionfold to his thankful people!

He looked closely at the note.

But what was this?

"It doesn't look a bit like me" he spluttered, pointing furiously at the engraving in the right hand corner. "It looks like my mother."

Sir David stared at Charles in confusion and then began to laugh.

"Very funny, sire. Ha ha ha ha ha! Of course! You were joking that you expected the portrait to be of your good self. oh, that is awfully amusing sire. Ha ha!"

And everyone in the room began to laugh uproariously...

To be continued



The SUNDAY TIMES





RANELLA the PERL

TRAMPS

HELLO BIG BOY. ARE YOU GOING TO BUY ME A DRINK?

OCH AYE LASSIE WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE?

I'LL HAVE A GIN AND MIXER

OK. HERE'S A MOULINEX

NO ANDREW, I MEANT I WANTED A SHORT

DANCING

DID SOMEONE CALL?

HI PIXIE!

LORD STROUT AND HIS FALS

LOOK, THERE'S VULGAR ANDREW WITH HIS FLOOZY!

YURGH COMMON!

TACKY!

YUCK!

NEW BRITAIN

FANCY AN EDITOR PICKING UP A BIMBO!

LORD PERRY WOULD NEVER DO THAT!

HELLO DEAR, I BET I COULD GET YOU IN THE CLUB... THE GARRICK I MEAN!!

OOH! YOU ARE A ONE!

DEPUTY DISH

LOOK SIR, A DISH!

BEAUT! WELL SPOTTED KNIGHT!

OH NO, IT'S A MIRAGE!

XXXXX!

SORRY SIR! I'M BEGINNING TO SEE RIDICULOUS THINGS!

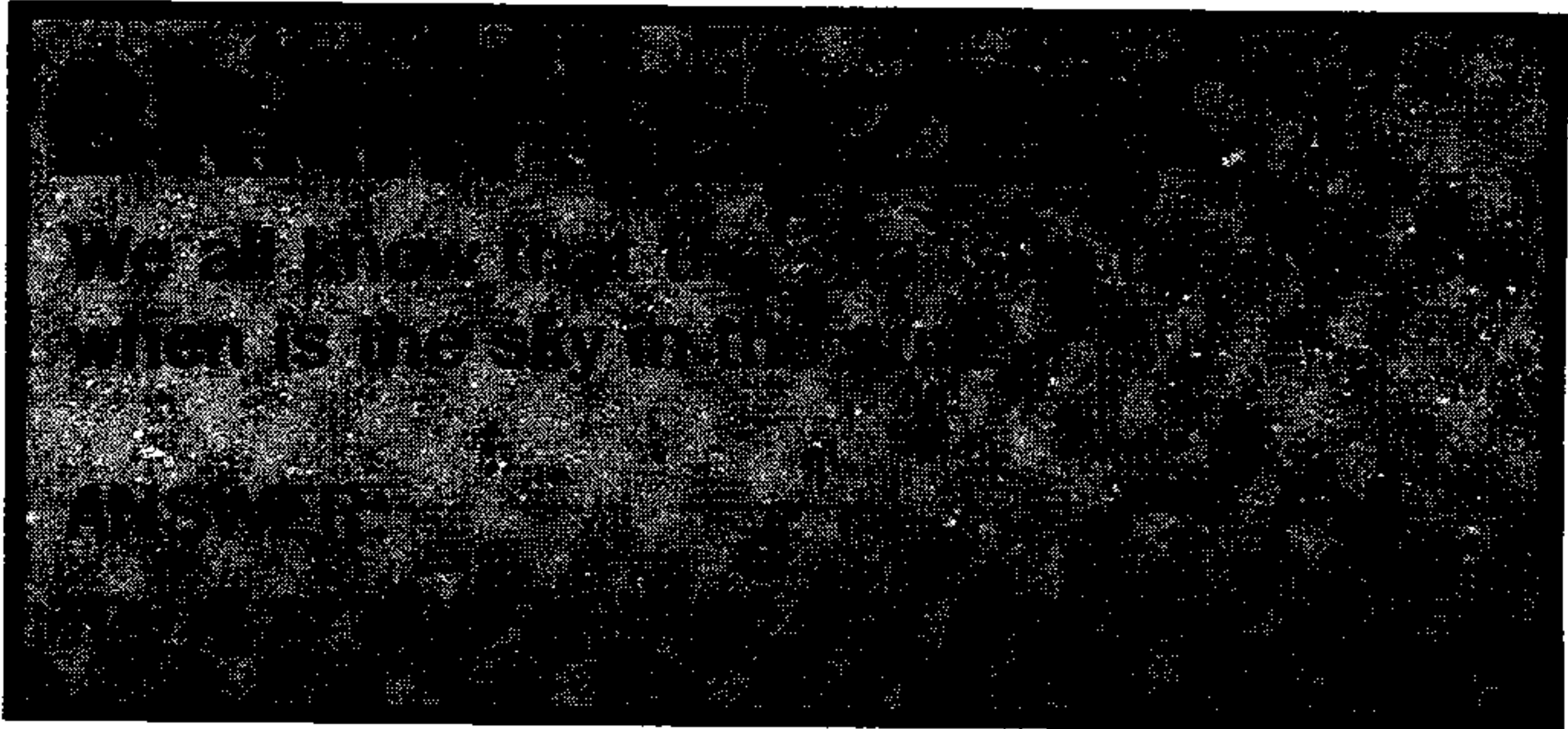
JUST WAIT TILL YOU GET A DISH!



CLUB CORNER



Tell us a joke! Write us a poem! Draw us a cartoon! Win a satellite dish. This week's star entry, from Gerry Scarfe, aged 53.



JOKE
Why did Andrew Neil?
Cos he saw Mr Murdoch coming into his office.
Brian Macarthur, aged 78.

POEM
I am a Sunday paper boy,
I find the Sunday Times so heavy,
I think I will give up this job,
And go and have a hevvy.
Norman Shtone, aged 48



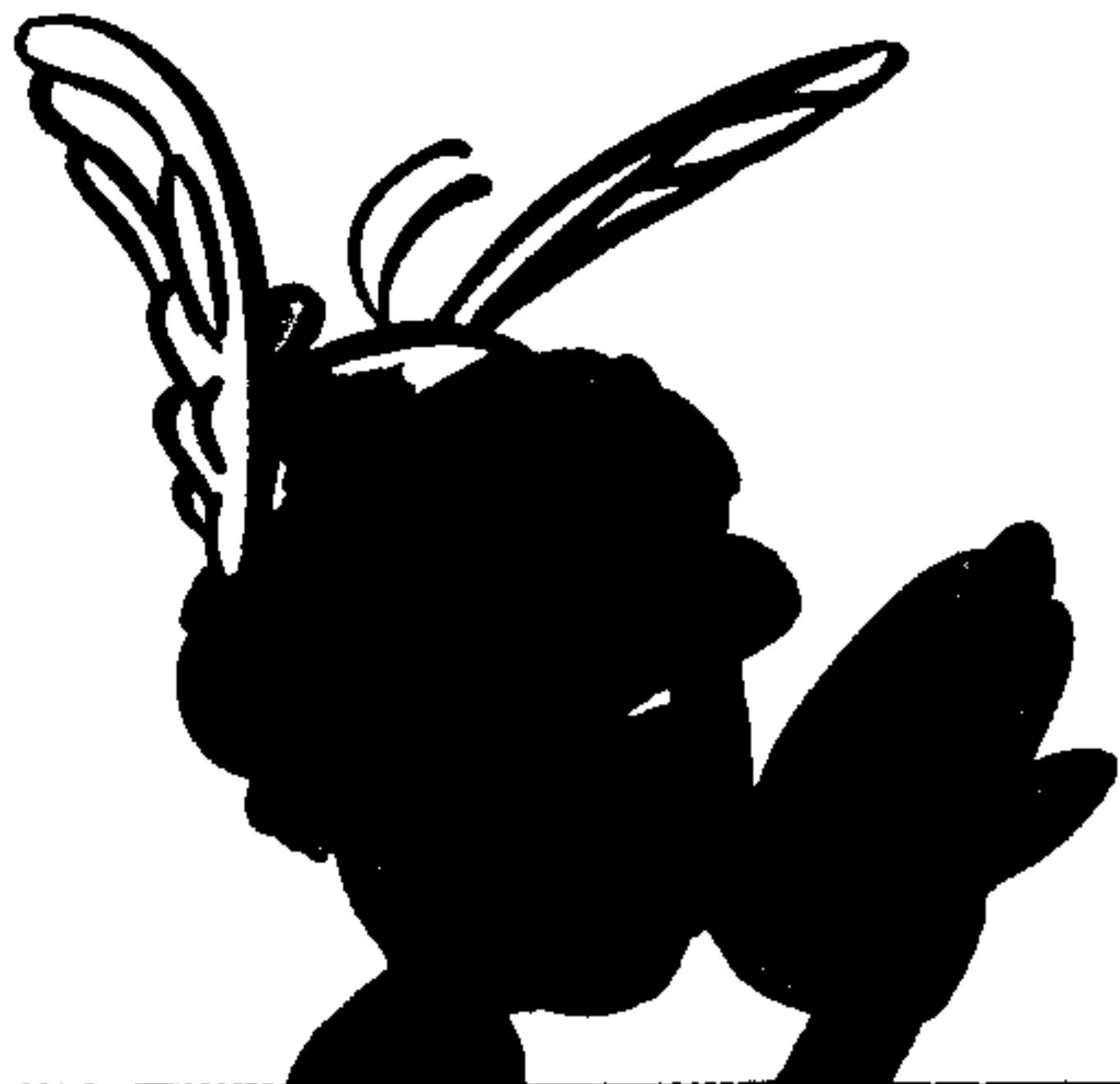
THE SATELLITE DISH

THE dish was invented in 1989 by the famous Scottish scientist, Professor Brillo McPad, at the University of Wapping.

Within months of its invention, millions of British homes had no dish (shurely "had been sold to delighted customers" D.D.?).

If you would like a dish, write at once to the Funday Times Club Dish Offer. Enclose one 10p stamp.





Arselix

THE CELT

ALL BRITAIN IS UNDER THE DOMINATION OF THE MIGHTY JULIUS THATCHER. ALL? YES, ALL. ESPECIALLY THE TINY VILLAGE OF WAPPING.



I'M WORRIED, CHIEF VITALSTATISTIX

ME TOO, ARSELIX. I'M WORRIED THE SKY IS GOING TO FALL ON MY HEAD.



DON'T BE SILLY, CHIEF!



I'M WORRIED, OBOLLOX.

YOU'RE WORRIED! I'VE GOT TO DELIVER THIS THING...



AND IT'S ONLY THE FIRST SECTION!



AH, GETAFIX, THE DRUID - I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU - I'M WORRIED ABOUT THE MAGIC POTION.



IT'S MEANT TO MAKE ME INVINCIBLE - TO GIVE ME AMAZING POWERS OF CONQUEST, BUT WHEN I DRINK IT, IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE.



YOU IDIOT ARSELIX - YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO DRINK IT - YOU'RE MEANT TO PUT IT ON YOUR HEAD.



FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD BRILLO!

THE POTION WORKED A TREAT! SO, WHAT'S A NICE BOAR LIKE YOU DOING IN A PLACE LIKE THIS?

I WAS GOING TO ASK YOU THE SAME QUESTION.

CAN I CLAIM THIS FEAST ON EYES?

JONES ADAMS

POETRY CORNER

In Memoriam Joe Loss Dance Bandleader

So. Farewell
Then.
Joe Loss.

Danceband Leader
And Royal
Favourite.

Keith's Mum
Used to
Dance to your
Music.

In the Mood.
Yes, that was
Your signature
Tune.

Da Da Dee
Dup Dup
Dup Dup
Dee Da Dee Dee Dee

That is how
It went.

E.J. Thribb (17½)



"These environmentally friendly traffic lights are a really stupid idea!"

THE Sun

Friday June 22nd 1990

22p

DI- ABOLICAL!



by Sun Staff

Dave Mike, Pete Keith, Paul Sid, and Gary Garry

HUNDREDS of newsmen gasped in horror yesterday as Princess Diana openly battered Prince William to death after she had failed to win the mother's egg-and-spoon race at a school sports day.

Prince Harry, 5, stared in amazement as his crazed mother lashed out at his brother in scenes reminiscent of Tianenman Square. (What that? Kevin Filth, Ed)

THE SUN SAYS

Princess Di has certainly stepped in with a vengeance into the heated debate over capital punishment for unruly kids.

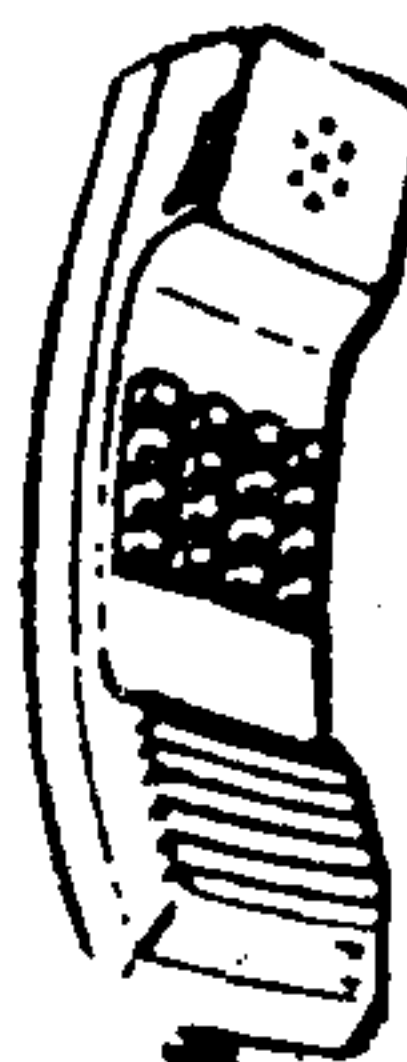
For years the Sun has campaigned for more readers.

And this is what we say

The do-gooders have had their chance.

Now it's time for the do-harmers. If your toddler throws a tantrum, take a tip from Princess Di-namite!

Wrap a can of Holsten Pils in a copy of your favourite newspaper and smack the little bugger into the next world.



SUN OPINION LINE

0898 362236

Was Princess Di-aphonous right to wear a skimpy hide-nothing dress to a kiddies sports day?

If you would like to see more of Diana's Di-licious long legs, ring us now!

ON OTHER PAGES

How we made this story up watching the World Cup TV in the pub — p. 3

Unfunny cartoon by Smak — p.7

The Alternative Rocky Horror Service Book

No. 94. A Service For Use In Prisons and Other Places Of Confinement.

The Prison Chaplain: Quiet please. We are gathered here this morning according to prison regulations... quiet please...

Chief Warder: Shut your mouth, N or M. [Here he may name any congregant who is talking out of turn, or negotiating the sale of tobacco or it may be some other substance.]

Chaplain: ...As I was trying to say, wherever two or three are gathered together in a cell [or it may, these days, be seven or eight]...

Chief Warder: ...I've warned you, N or

M, you're staring at ten days solitary...

Chaplain: ...Our Lord himself knew what it was to endure God's precious gift of loneliness, which is why, in a very real sense...

All: Kill the screws.

There shall then be some suitable anthem, sung by the congregation, such as "Ere we go, ere we go, ere we go."

Chaplain: Help. This is getting serious.

All: String up the vicar. He looks like a right poof.

First Warder: Jesus Christ, this looks like trouble.

Second Warder: Oh my God, this is it.

All Warders (in unison): Let's push off and watch it on TV later.

THE BREAKING OF THE FURNITURE

Here the congregants shall proceed to the altar and distribute the wine amongst themselves, and shall then break the altar in pieces. The celebrant meanwhile shall then retire to a suitable place of safety.

THE READING

The Ringleader: The Right, lads. Basically our demands are as follows. One, we should be released. Two, er...Three. That's it.

The congregants shall then process to the roof where they shall remain for forty days and forty nights.

The Viewers: Send in the SAS.

The Home Office: They shall not be sent.

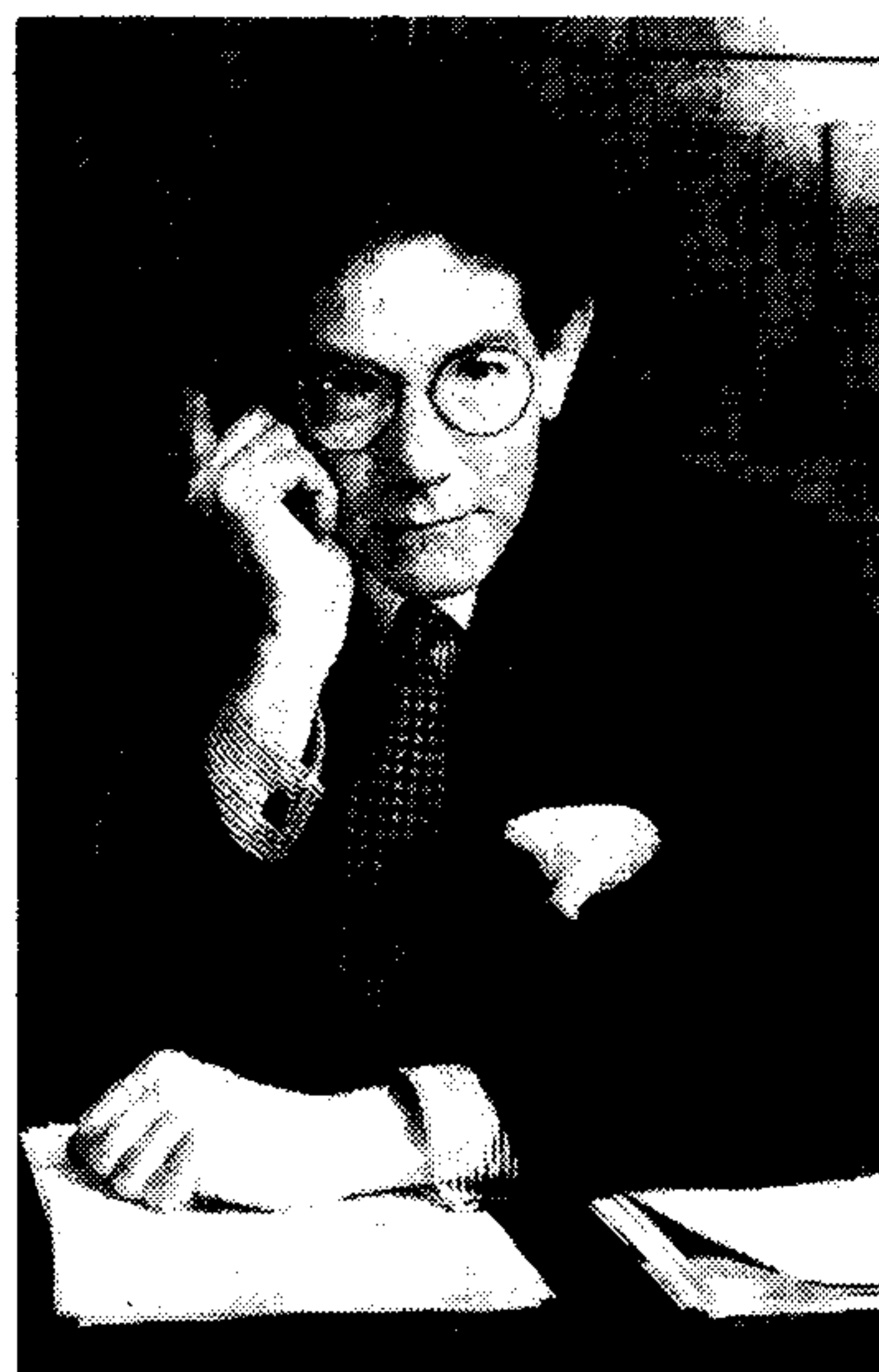
The Prison Governor: It is all the work of the devil.

The Chaplain: No, well, I think that's being rather literal. I think you'll find the real causes of this unfortunate accident lie in the social conditions prevailing...

He may continue in this vein for some hours.

New from the Eye

Yes, It's Royal Institute of British Architects Rhyming Slang!



Hi Tech
Planning Consent
Peter Palumbo
Paternoster
Sucks up to Hacks
Exciting Low Rise
Denis Lasdun
Richard Rodgers
Service Ducts
James Stirling

Glass of sherry
Georgian pastiche
Gavin Stamp

Enormous Cheque
Money well spent
Bit of a dumbo
Norman Foster
Hutchinson, Max
Silly Bow Ties
Look what he has done
Bodgers
Building sucks
Preferred Albert Speer's plan
for Berlin
Quinlan Terry
Nouveau Riche
In the other camp

(That's enough slang. Ed.)



LATE EXTRA

New Maradonna Sensation

Cagliari Wednesday:

The World Cup was plunged into controversy last night as Diego Maradonna in full view of 1/2 billion television viewers deliberately kicked the ball.

A stunned stadium booed their disapproval as the mighty midget from the Argentine savannahs flagrantly raised his foot and kicked the ball towards the goal.

The referee who was well positioned ignored the incident and waved "play on" to the astonishment of both sides.

A slow-motion replay clearly shows that the Argentinean captain intentionally used his foot to make contact with the ball thus enabling it to fly past the opposing keeper's outstretched arms.

It brought back terrible memories of Mexico 86 and the infamous "Foot of God" outrage.

Even his fans had to admit that there was no excuse for this latest breach of the rules.

"He was lucky not to be sent off", said a team spokesman.

"FIFA has made it perfectly



clear that Maradonna can handle the ball whenever he likes, and there is no need for him to resort to his feet."

Bobby Robson is £460,000 better off.

Friday
June 22nd
1990



ПРАВДА

4000 roubles
(or 5 U.S. cents)

GORBY PLEDGES SUPPORT FOR MADAME THATCHER

**"Stick With Her — She Is Best Man
You've Got" He Tells British People**

By Our Photo Opportunity Staff
Vanessa Redsquare

As Mrs Thatcher's popularity sank to a record low, she yesterday received a welcome boost from her long-time admirer Mikhail Gorbachev, when the Russian statesman hailed her ambitious reform programme as "the best hope for her country".

"No one", he said "has done more to transform the old decaying British system and turn it into a dynamic, forward-looking, market-led disaster".

In recent months Mrs Thatcher has seemed to be engulfed by problems on every side — soaring inflation, violent demonstrations and panic buying which has left the shelves of many stores completely empty of patio furniture and barbecue sets.

But now her oldest friend and political ally has once again come to her rescue. "The British people must not expect too much too soon", he said.

"Any programme of bold and radical reform, such as she has launched in Britain, is bound to have teething troubles. After all she has only been in power for 11 years, and it is still early days for her policy of glasnostalgia and pereworsthorne-ism."



Advertisement

Live at The Kremlin every day



**Boris
Yeltsin
is
Unwell**

starring
Jeff Bernard

"I laughed
till I cried"
M. Gorbachev

Directed by
Ned Twinski

Those Bulgarian election results in full

Sofia Central: Communist Hold. Todor Pissov, Radical Libertarian Reform Perestroika Not-at-all-Communist Good Egg Party (Communist) 76,412. Georgi Herov, Totally Anti-Communist Democratic Front, 0.

Sofia Loren: Communist Hold. Todora Zhivkova (no relation), Reform Radical National Revival How-Dare-You-Suggest-I'm-A-Communist Party (Communist), 42,212. Petko Niceguyov, Eco-Glasnost Gypsy Democratic Violin Party, 0.

Sofia Sobad: Communist Hold. Rosa Klebb, KGB Reform Glasnost Anyone-Who-Says-I'm-A-Communist-Gets-Shot Party (Communist), 97,468. Boris Goodmanov, Land Reform What-Could-Be-More-Agrarian Democratic Freedom Party, 0.

Foreign observers (Mrs E Currie, Mr R Hattersley, Mr D Duck and Mr M Mouse) declared that the Bulgarian restaurants were "very fair". (Surely "Bulgarian elections"? Ed)



WORLD OF SOCCER

Fans Riot as Neasden Demoted to Division 94

By E.I. EREWEGO, Our Man Not In Cagliari With The Offensive T-Shirt And The Six-Pack of Jacky Charlton's Extra-Strong Irish Po-teen

The soccer world was rocked to its foundations yesterday when a 3-man FA disciplinary committee, headed by Dollis Hill's Chairman Reg Globb, announced that next season Neasden will play in Division 94.

The legendary north-east London club was on the brink of not being relegated for the first time in history, under its dynamic new Argentinean supremo Ronaldo "El Belgrano" Knee or "sunk without trace" as he is known to Neasden's fans (Sid and Doris Bonkers).

Swindledon

The FA committee found, after a long and hard lunch, that Neasden Chairman Brig. Buffy Cohen had been guilty on 769 charges of "serious financial irregularities", including non-payment to players in order to save money, and unsuccessfully bribing other clubs to take some of Neasden's top stars off his hands.

Last night an ashen-faced Ronaldo cut short his holiday in the Malvinas islands to

deny reports that he was planning to quit Neasden in its hour of need.

"I did not take Neasden to the brink of success for nothing", he said at Gatwick airport, "or rather it appears I did, since I have not yet been paid."

Reading from a prepared statement, he said "it is myself I feel sorry for at this sad time."

(Surely "the fans"? Ed)

Soccer Shop

Meanwhile angry fans (Sid and Doris Bonkers) went on the rampage in frustration at the FA's "criminal and totally unacceptable" ruling, setting fire to Neasdenbridge Stadium to express their "total solidarity with the lads".

Said Doris "why should we be punished further? We have to watch them play every week — isn't that punishment enough?"

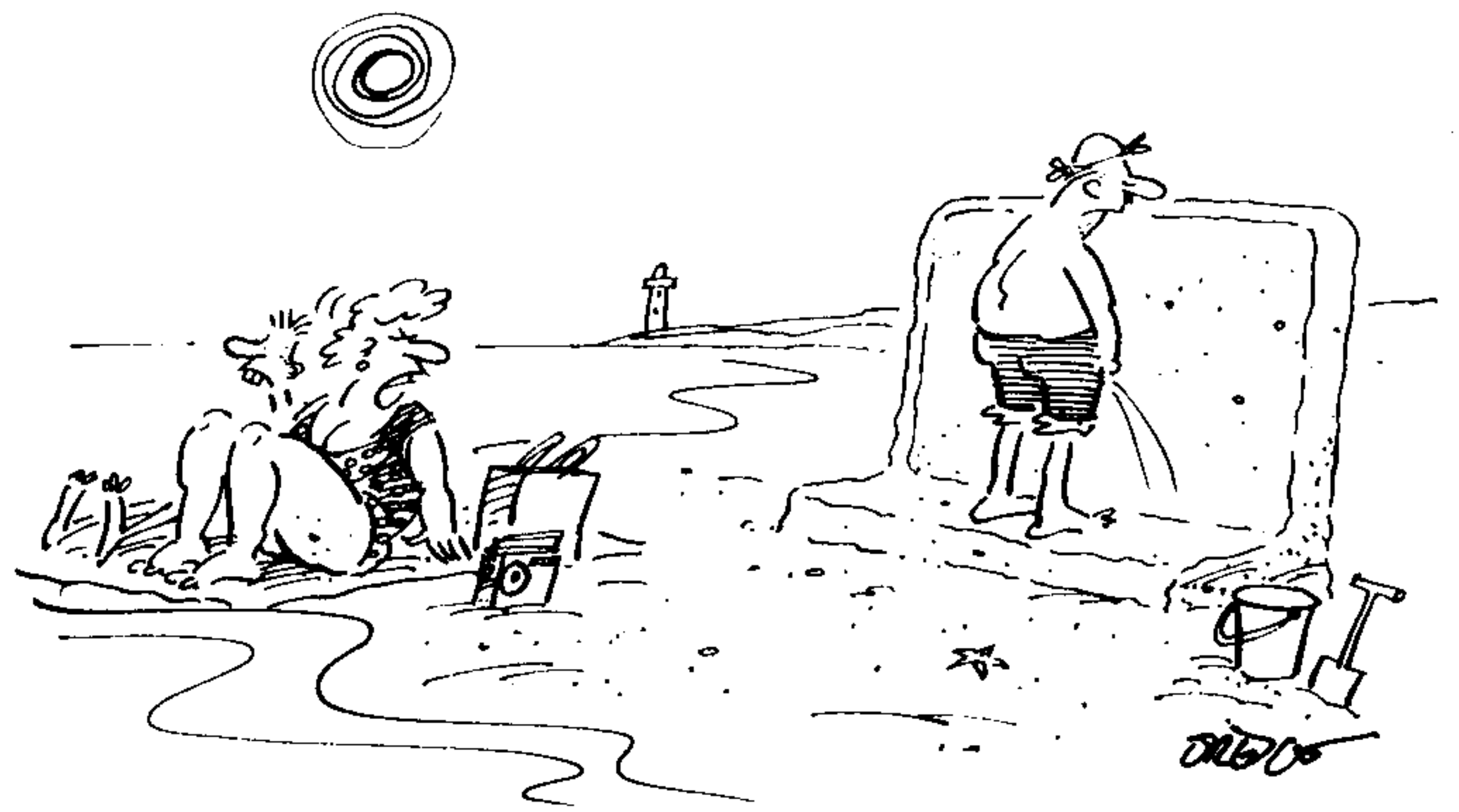
Brig. Cohen is expected to launch a "Save My Bacon" appeal when he is extradited from the Costa del Shannon later this month.

Ronaldo Knee is 57

LATE SCORE

England 0 Neasden Part-Timers 17

(Robson o.g. 5, Lineker o.g. 3, Butcher o.g. 6, Shilton o.g. 4, Bull (sub. 47 mins) o.g. 7.)



"Couldn't you wait, Stanley!"



Venice Saved From New Peril

by Our Conservation Staff

Rialt O'Booze

John Julius Norwich last night danced openly with himself outside an agreeable palazzo in St Mark's Square following the shock news that his beloved Venice had been saved from what threatened to be the worst disaster in its long history.

In recent weeks international concern has mounted over the prospect that La Serenissima would soon sink forever under the weight

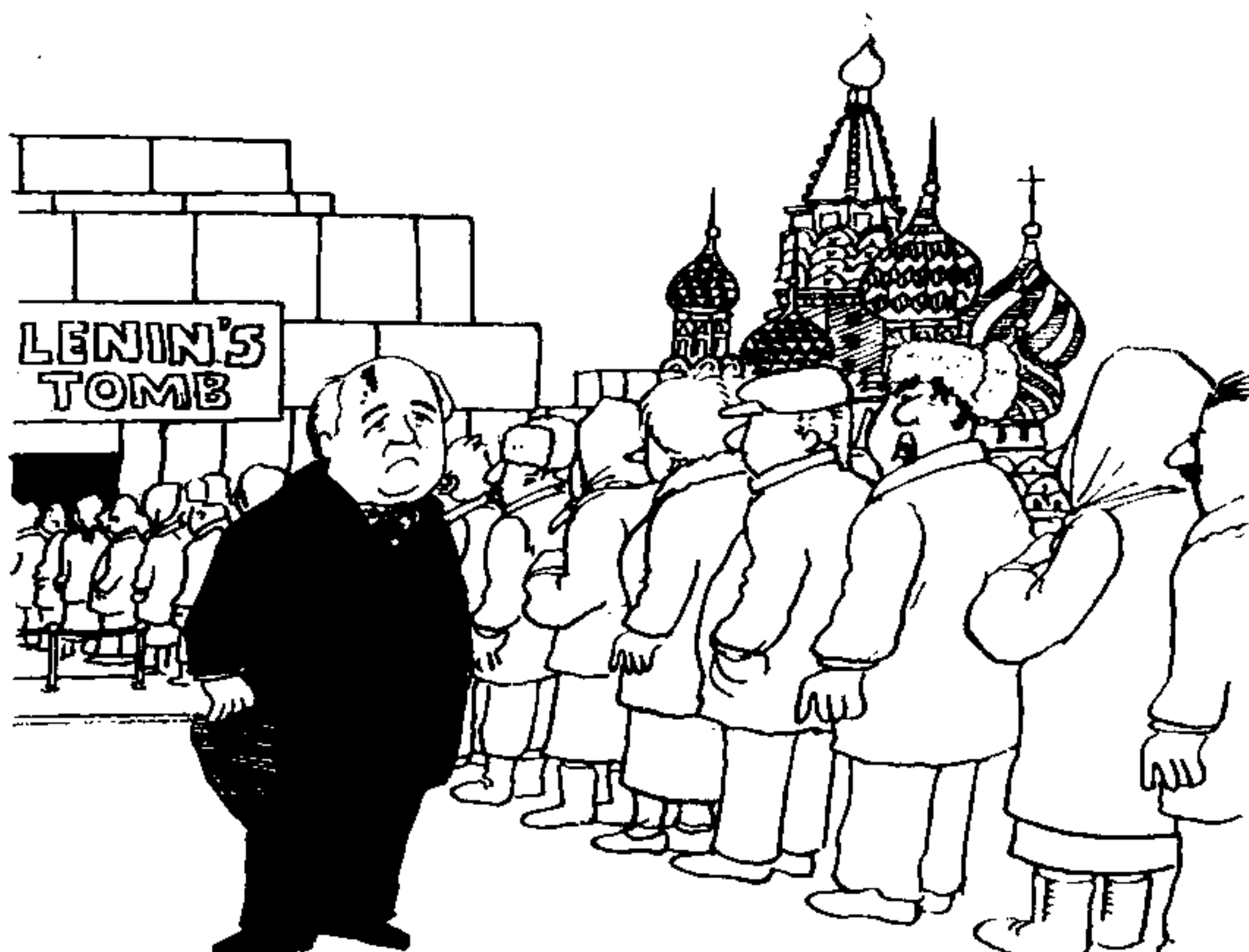
of billions of unsold copies of The European.

Just One Tintoretto

Thousands of Venetians have been fleeing the city, to avoid plans by publisher Robert Maxwell to make Venice the centre of his vast international dumping operation.

Said one Venetian ecologist, Giovanni Porrigio, of the organisation Amicos della Terra, "We've learned to live with the vaporettos, the toxic algae and the raw sewage (which is not much better cooked) — but expecting us to read this European is enough to make a Venetian blind."

Lord Clark is 306.



"We're queuing to see him spin in it!"

TED HUGHES:

*Lines Composed On
Reading An Apology
To Myself In The
Independent
Following The Latter
Newspaper's
Scurrilous Book
Review Claiming That
I Had Thrown A
Bongo Drum Party
To Celebrate
The Death Of My
Late Wife
Sylvia Plath.*

Budgie. Tweet tweet on
perch.
"Who's a pretty boy
then?"
Door opens. Cat's paw
slashes.
Yellow feathers fly.
Blood oozes onto seed.
Bye bye Budgie.

© Ted Hughes

ELDERLY SINGER in need of kind home. Body showing signs of age, but everything in good working order. £500 buys our 1964 MoT'd Gazelle. — Tel: Craft's Hill

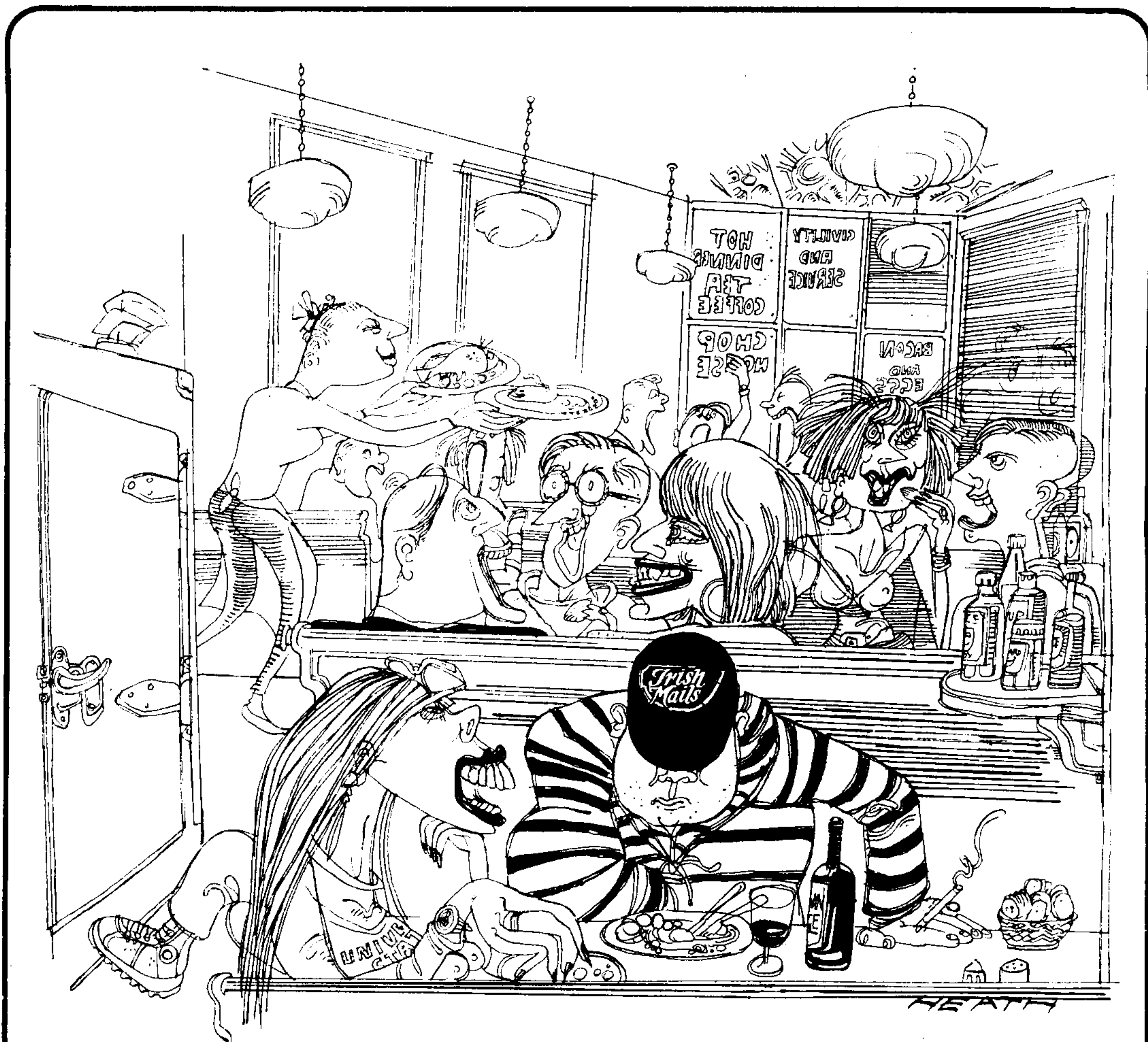
Cambridge Evening News

OPPORTUNITIES for experienced negotiators in highly professional & successful letting agency. Salary: AAL. Must be well spoke. Norma Skemp. Recruitment 071 222 5091

The Times

McInally scored the first two goals in an exciting 3-2 victory for the West German champions, Mihailovic getting a late winner after a Nuremburg rally.

Grauniad



Great Bores Of Today

"...my sister was in France last week and she got a high speed train from Barcelona at eleven o'clock and she was having lunch in Paris by twelve and she had her hair done on the way the TGV is amazing she even faxed her travel piece to Sally at Tatler en route they cruise at 200 m.p.h. and its like you're flying but she got to Dover and then what? Right. Network South East it's a joke it'll be no different when they finish the tunnel without a link we'll be left behind we're just a joke there will be a four hour delay in Kent people queuing up all over the platform what will Europeans think? If we lived in France we'd be able to go from Inverness right to Cap D'Antibes where my sister was non-stop in about an hour or something it's just a joke somebody really has got to do something see those Cameroons brilliant aren't they...?"

Celeb

L I G G E R



DIARY

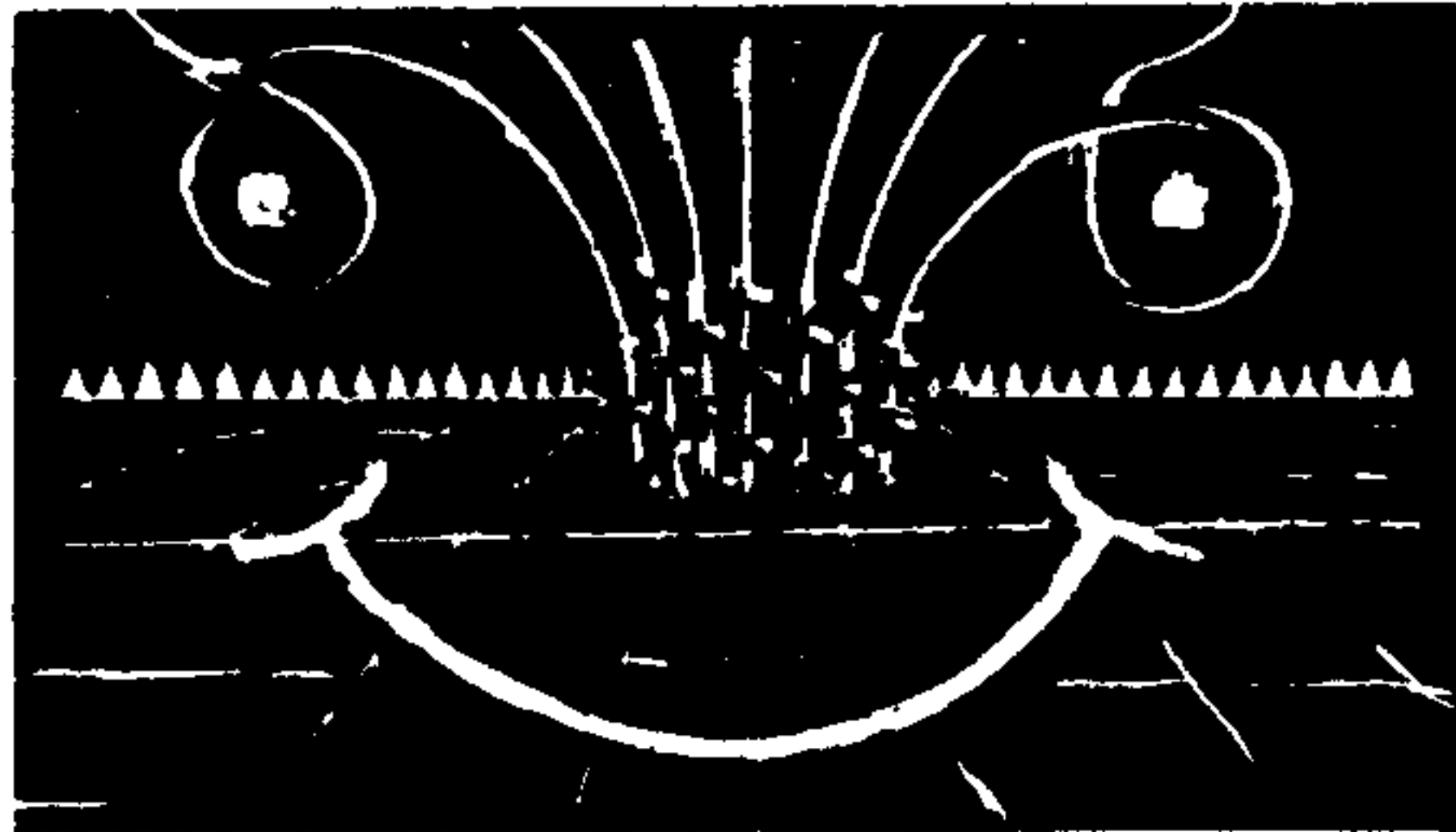
Came in for a bit of a pasting from the Private Eye "literary" "critic" (note the quotes!) last issue, but no hard feelings, if that's how he has to earn his cash, good luck to him, poor lad, but I'd like to take this opportunity to point out that as long ago as 1973 the distinguished critic Francis King described me as — and I quote — "almost as good as any other young Cumbrian novelist of his generation." High praise indeed, and for my money worth a lot more than the jealous carplings of the ever-present "anon". Anyway, I'm most grateful to everyone at the "Eye" for giving me this chance to reply. Thanks chaps. Love the mag. Cheers.

A new novel out, another round of interviews. Actually, the new one's a bit of a departure. Deals with sexual obsession, which, interestingly, puts me in a line of writers from Hazlitt to Nabokov to Updike, not that I'm trying to put myself in that category, though future literary "buffs" might well come round to that belief, who's to say. A writer though, is basically what I am. I like a sentence well-turned to be. And with rhythm. Plus inner music.

To write about the sexual act requires great sensitivity from a leading contemporary novelist such as myself, and one's writing must go beyond the realm of cliché and into the world of poetry, because, let's face it, sex is the greatest thing since sliced bread.

Let me demonstrate what I mean by quoting, if I may, from my own latest novel, complex, sensitive, intriguing, occasionally difficult but ultimately rewarding, "You Got A Nice Pair There, Love" (Hodder £12.95, 220pp). It deals in a compassionate and strangely tender way with the sexual affair between a fifty year old man called Martin Bloggs and a young girl less than half his age. Strong stuff, but in the hands of a master craftsman it is, as you can see, transformed into something strangely sensuous.

"I love you, Martin Bloggs", you said, clutching my left buttock in the nobbly bit of your ankle, you know the bit I mean, the bit that sticks out, roughly two inches from the heel. "And I love you too, Thingy". I gasped as your eyelash brushed against my khaki



MELVYN BRAGG

anorak, well, sort of more green than khaki really.

Wild, tender, firm, luscious, energetic, juicy. That ham sandwich you made me was first class, love. And our love-making was first class too, lasting for two hours and twenty three minutes, right the way through Coronation Street, straight on through Only Fools and Horses and well into Panorama.

My hand felt for yours, I clutched it tight, caressing it, feeling it against the small of my back, you know, that bit that sometimes gives me cause for complaint. Together, our hands became one, one hand with ten fingers and no palm and two wrists. I was reaching the top of the cliff, the upper floor of the tower-block, the luggage-rack of the motor vehicle. Suddenly, I saw your face towering above me. You had just returned to the room after nipping out for some beans on toast. It was my own hand that I had been clutching all along.

With one deft movement, you removed your motor-cycle helmet. I had never seen you like that before. "Your hair!" I exclaimed. "Your hair is of medium length." That just about said it all.

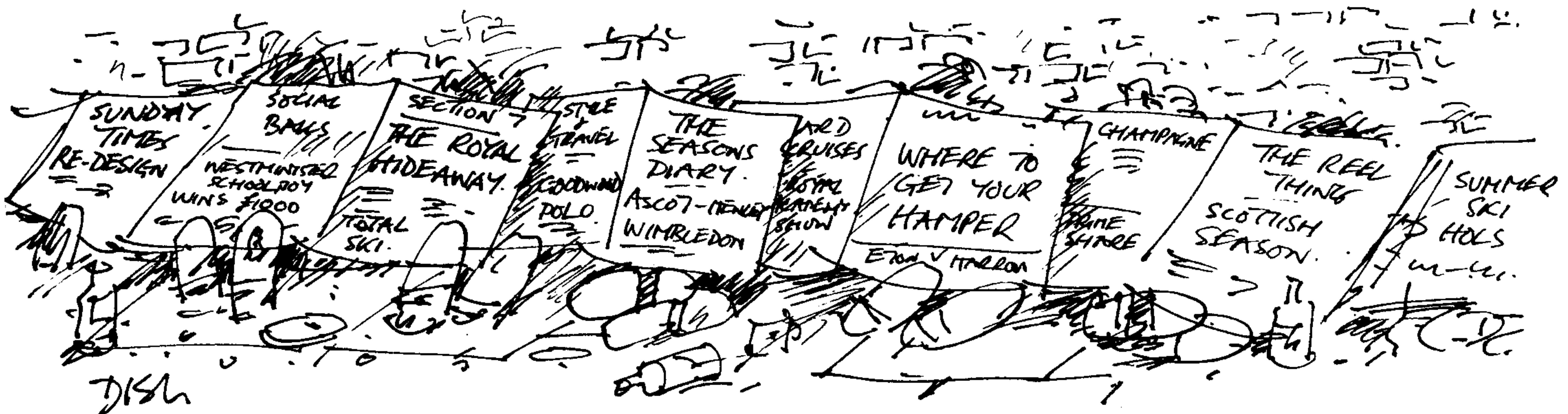
The book is set in Cumbria, where my roots are. I'm not really a television "personality", you see. I prefer to see myself as an ordinary bloke, scratching a living. I always try to return to Cumbria whensoever I can, to tread the fells, to feel the earth's heartbeat pounding through my very soul, to pass banter with my ain folk, to fill my lungs with the rich, mountain air, to set to work with a trowel and dig up my roots once more. I managed to get back there for a weekend last

year, and this year I'm promising myself the full three days. I describe the landscape most movingly in this passage from my forthcoming follow-up to "The Maid of Buttermere", provisionally titled "The Pat of Flora". An historical novel, it concerns the fate of an 18th Century television producer, inexorably drawn back to his beloved Cumbria, single-mindedly dedicated to proving to the world that he is a real person.

The sun crept up from over the horizon like a welder donning his long-johns prior to a busy day down the mines, poor sod. Merlin Bogg, on good money these days, watched as the clouds stretched their wings and flew, flew, flew, hither and thither amongst the trees, tweeting and chirruping like ten thousand goshawks, all fluttering about like so many clouds, which is what they were. The rain poured down like...like...like so much rain. Bad weather, perchance, but Bogg was determined to weather it. Nowt to complain of. That just about said it all.

No doubt the carpers will criticise me for quoting so extensively from one of my own books, and good luck to 'em, but I wanted to show just how my creative life has been deeply influenced by my intimate knowledge of the Cumbrian countryside in and around the area of Torquay.

Of course, I now spend most of my time in Hampstead, attracted by its close-knit Cumbrian community. In a funny sort of way, the gleam from the spotlights in the wine bars and boutiques of Hampstead High Street sends my mind reeling back to the glint of sun on the Windermere of my youth, the sparkle in me old Nan's eyes as she called us in for our bread and stout. These days, I make no secret of the fact that I am a stalwart Labour Party Gold Card Member, contributing as hard as dammit for a Labour victory come election time. If Neil and Glenys — lovely lady — choose to repay my support with a knighthood and Chairmanship of the Arts Council, then so be it, I'll be only too glad to do my bit. Until then, I'll keep forging those novels on the anvil of my plough. I'll furrow a ford through life's gateposts, and I'll celebrate, in prose, my roots in my Lloyds syndicate, actually could you change that to Cumbria, thanks love, that's enough words for today, fancy a drink?



Literary Review

Harpers and queenery

Serious Pleasures: the life of Stephen Tennant

Philip Hoare

(Hamish Hamilton, £20)

THE HON Stephen Tennant — aesthete, recluse, dandy, homosexual and socialite — died at his home Wilsford Manor near Salisbury, early in 1987. Opened up and auctioned off, the house, which its owner has scarcely left during the previous decade, disclosed a 60-year-old timewarp, a treasure-trove of exquisite decoration, rococo artifice and gilded splendour. The cameras popped, the journalists chattered and at last, in death rather than in life, the Hon Stephen found himself briefly famous.

He was that sort of man. It was, as Philip Hoare demonstrates in this long and meticulously researched biography, that sort of life. The Hon Stephen was born in 1906, a scion of the fabulously wealthy Tennant family. His mother, who dressed him as a girl until the age of eight and referred to him as "Steenie", detected evidence of his precocity in an early excursion to the garden. "Oh," said the four year old, catching sight of a burgeoning pansy, "something's looking". A bit later the Tennant children were lined up in front of their father, Lord Glenconner, and asked about their ambitions. "I want to be a great beauty, sir," the infant replied.

And after that, needless to relate, it was downhill all the way. Encouraged by his doting mamma, Steenie embraced artistic ambition and hypochondria in his early teens. At 14 he was eyeing up soldiers from the local army base. At 18 he was the most effulgent of the British Young Things. In his twenties, Lady Pamela having died suddenly, he inherited £15,000 a year and acquired Wilsford.

Already at this early stage the principal stanchions of his character were firmly in place: vanity (make-up, peroxide and long hours in front of the mirror); sloth (he started spending large parts of his life in bed in the late '20s and never really broke the habit); and the ability to inspire affection in the wackier sort of period man-hunter. "I would gladly die for him," remarked his most famous inamora-

to, Siegfried Sassoon (who later penned the memorable affirmation "Oh Steenie I would promise to serve you to the end").

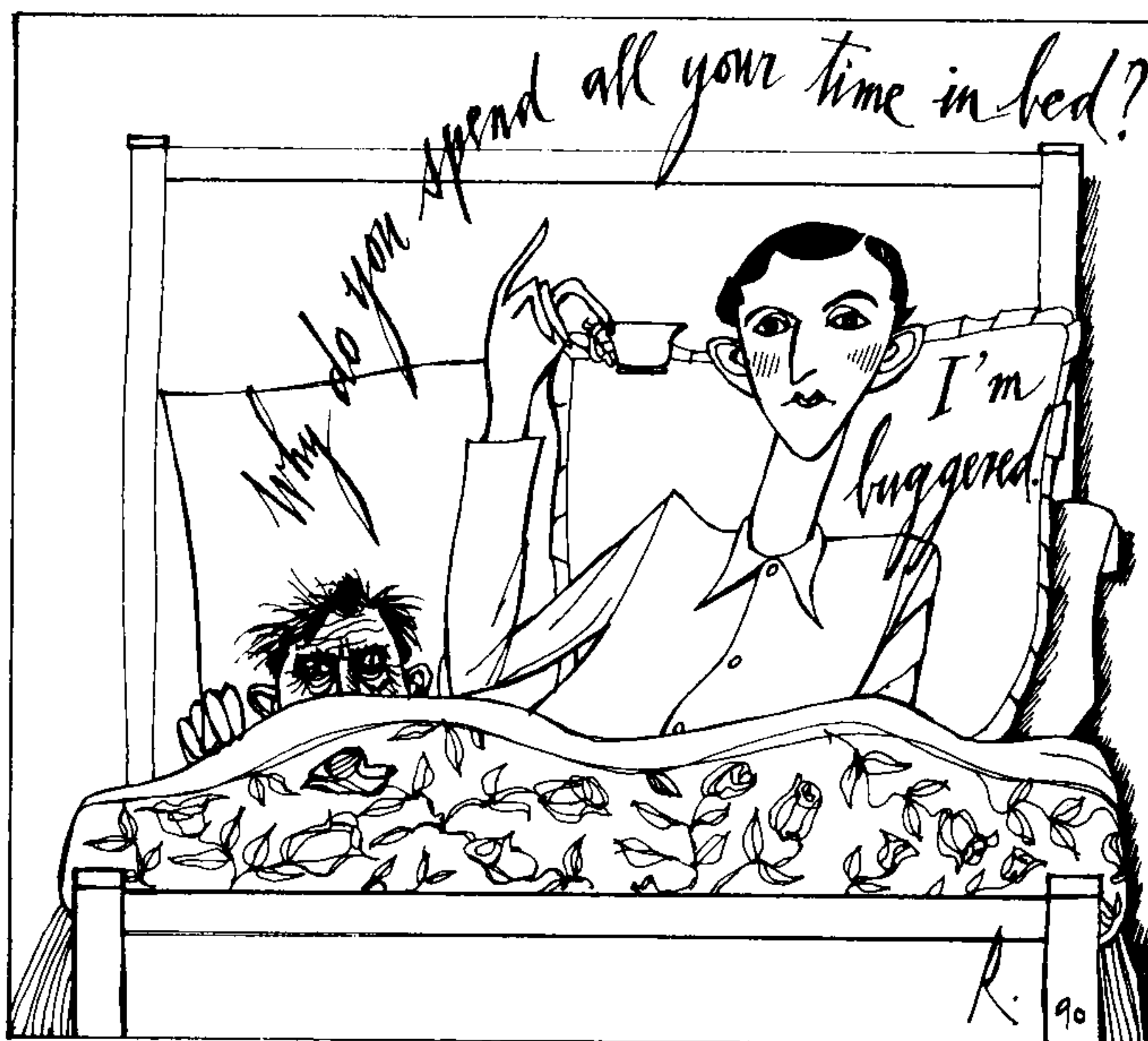
In characteristic fashion Sassoon was soon given the elbow. The ability to discard painlessly remained one of Steenie's most enduring talents: many years later he rewarded Hugo Vickers, who had contrived a reprint of his one commercially published work, by never communicating with him again.

The last 50 years of his baroque existence were spent in travel, in cultivating literary acquaintances, in writing an unfinished novel entitled *Lascar*, and in sleep. It would be satis-

people, these boys who should have been girls, these gilded triflers, these mincing social freaks, and the result is that our recent literary history — the literary history of the inter-war period — is nothing more than this spineless gossip, this magnification of non-existent talent.

The humblest coal miner who ever tried to write a sonnet is of more intrinsic literary — and social — interest than Steenie Tennant, but alas the toff hagiography strain of English letters endures. Like Vicker's life of Beaton this is a *Harpers* biography, in which the ability to design a pair of pyjamas somehow compensates for the want of any deeper human values.

It is not, perhaps, the Hon Stephen's fault, and in fact you end up feeling rather sorry for someone who plainly never stood a chance. After all, to lie in bed for 60 years fingering your bibelots and indulging your vanity is your own affair. It is the 400-page biographies about you, the fawning *Tatler* articles and the elevation of this pansy posturing into something significant, which strikes the authentic note of moral disgust.



fying to think that Philip Hoare has written a bad book about this saucy old heartbreaker, but in fact he has written a very good one, consulted all the right source material and brought in all manner of elegant period detail. And yet if ever a biography cried out not to be written it is this voluminous recitation of pouting, prancing and dressing up, all of it lavished on a subject who, as Lady Caroline Blackwood judiciously opines, "was just an eccentric gay who didn't really do anything".

Brian Howard. Cecil Beaton. Steenie... We are fascinated by these

BOOKS & BOOKMEN

PUBLISHING people were bemused last week to receive an anonymous printed post card which read: "I am very sorry to tell you that for personal reasons Anthony and Rosemary Cheetham have had to cancel the Century Summer Party on 21st June to which you were invited. We will, I hope, reinstate the event next year but in the meantime please accept our apologies for messing up your diaries."

Among the many questions

posed by the card (who is "I" and who are "we"?), is whether invitations to the party were dispatched for I (or we) cannot find a recipient of the cancellation card who received an invitation in the first place.

The "personal reasons" for cancellation of such a grand annual event is not that Anthony, supremo of the Random Century Group, and his lady wife Rosemary, an editorial director of the down-market Century fiction list, are splitting up, but that Rosemary was enraged to return from holiday and learn that the invitations had (or had not) gone out in the name of Mrs Anthony Cheetham.

Why should she mind when she gave up her fancy maiden name of de Courcy on marrying Fatty? How complicated nomenclature can be for women with jobs in their husband's publishing empires!

CHIEF EXECUTIVE George Craig of the absurdly named HarperCollins confides that the sale of the prestigious Hatchards Group of high street bookshops could be completed at the end of this month.

Hammicks, Dillons and Blackwells would all like the shops, but the Scottish Menzies Group is frontrunner. Vincent Campbell, Hatchards' managing director, told the greatest living novelist Jeffrey Archer that the staff were attempting a management buy-out. He wondered if Debbie Owen's erstwhile client might like to contribute a few bob to raise the ante? Dear Jeffrey promptly asked Craig if he might buy the shops himself. Not content to own a theatre (The Playhouse), he would like a group of bookshops too. How his sales might multiply...

PUBLISHING NEWS has a newish columnist name David Blow, who frequently puffs Waterstone's, the W H Smith-owned chain.

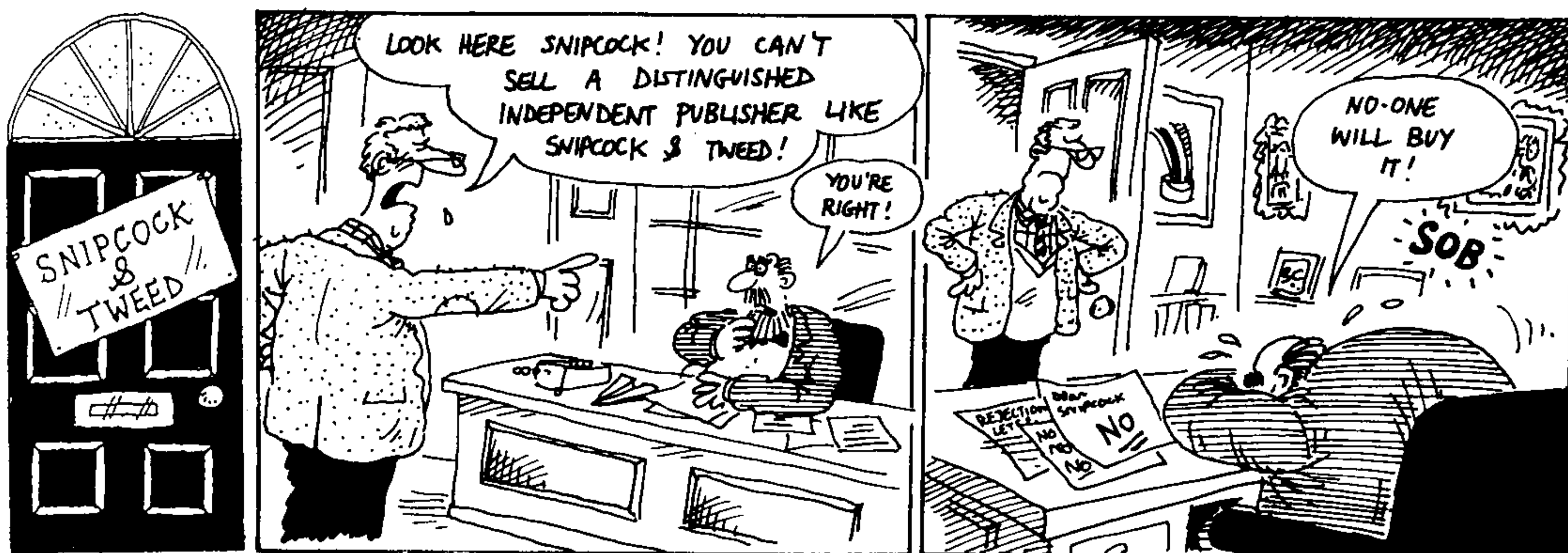
His latest panegyric is a contender for Pseud's Corner: "Waterstone's in Dublin, like Waterstone's everywhere, could be Waterstone's anywhere. As usual, the overall effect is one of creative but barely contained chaos. There are books everywhere, some of them even on the shelves. There might be a carpet on the floor, but it was hard to tell. Waterstone's falls just short of being a mess, but then that is what is meant to happen. This is style."

It is also sycophancy. Under his real name David Blow is employed at the Waterstone's branch in Charing Cross Road. Surely readers of Publishing News should be told?

THE latest defection from Macmillan is resolute Hilary Hale, for six years editor of the firm's successful thriller list. Macmillan can ill-afford to lose her as she is famous for reading and "editing" eight manuscripts a week, hence the vast output of those hideously jacketed crime books.

So choosy can Hilary be that, to the fury of Barry Winkleman, HarperCollins' chief editor, she declined to garb herself in the moth-eaten mantle of Collins' departing thriller editor, Elizabeth Walter, and has instead, for a sensible salary, accepted the challenge of starting a thriller list for Macdonald. Little doubt but that both Collins' and Macmillan's crime writers will take the Captain's shilling.

'Bookworm'



Channel tunnel

In-continental

CECIL PARKINSON's decision to continue to be indecisive over the Channel tunnel rail link is a re-run of what he did over nuclear power a year ago: he withdrew the older Magnox stations from privatisation but tried to insist that AGRs and PWRs were still profitable and would be sold. That satisfied no one.

He now says a privately-owned rail link is not profitable, but that British Rail will build one, one of these days. This has satisfied no one because it means planning blight for the unfortunates living along the line and even less hope for Eurotunnel of attracting enough revenue to pay for the growing cost of the tunnel.

Watching the political fall-out is good sport. Parkinson's purpose is to delay a decision until after a general election; but who will survive that election? Some Tory MPs in Kent face a thin time — particularly Keith Speed who backs the link because his constituency town of Ashford wants it, while his voters in the wealthy villages are furiously opposed.

Ironically John Prescott, Labour's transport spokesman, provides the Tories with a ray of hope. Mysteriously he sees the link as a way of bringing the riches of the south-east to the impoverished north. But the more he appears to support the link, the worse are the prospects for three of Kinnock's harpies: Harriet Harman in Peckham, Tessa Jowell in Dulwich and Kate Hoey in Vauxhall. The three have good reason to shudder every time Prescott launches one of his thunderous tirades in support of a line that is hated in south London.

Meanwhile Alistair Morton of Eurotunnel has to persuade banks and investors to produce £2,500 million for a tunnel that will bring businessmen and freight from the further corners of Europe to that well-known centre of industry and finance, Folkestone.

Energy

Scraping the Oil Barrel

THE OIL price crash — down to \$15 a barrel, a fall of 30 percent since the start of the year — is great news for PowerGen which, as chairman Robert Malpas said when the company was founded last August, intends to burn as much oil as it can.

Malpas was recruited from British Petroleum where he was given an option to buy 260,000 shares at a knockdown price. So despite the price drop, a big oil-burn will be good news for BP and good news for him.

It's less good news for the people of the Isle of Grain in Kent, however, where the oil-fired power station is being run flat out. The polluting Grain is not fitted with FGD (flue gas desulphurisation) equipment to reduce its sulphur emissions, and it has avoided the legal obligation to fit such equipment because its construction started before 1987.

That the Government was able to exempt it from the obligation was, says Andrew Tickle, Greenpeace's acid rain campaigner, a £600m sweetener given to PowerGen to help privatisation. This is a lucky break for PowerGen as the oil burned at Grain is the nastiest crude from the bottom of the barrel.

Meanwhile National Power, the bigger of the two morsels carved out of the CEB for the City, is putting its trust in gas. Gas causes enormous environmental damage through methane emissions and will last for only 50 years at the present rate of use (it will run out much sooner if we and other countries treat it as a fuel to be burnt to make electricity).

This latter practice is illegal under EEC regulations, but the Government and National Power are ignoring the law. Gas is cheap and cheap is beautiful and the law and the environment can take second place.

Defence

MoD off its rocker?

THE Ministry of Defence's response to a report published last week that questions its ability to deal with a serious road accident involving nuclear weapons is highly intriguing.

An MoD spokesman declared it had "comprehensive contingency plans" for coping with any such event and accused Large & Associates, the consulting engineers who produced the report, of being "irresponsible" for not consulting the MoD before publication.

This is bizarre since Large & Associates offered to send the ministry the final draft nearly five months earlier. Furthermore, because of the sensitive nature of much of the content, the firm took the highly unusual step of offering the MoD the chance to suggest any deletions or amendments it felt desirable in the interests of security.

John Large, the firm's principal, made this offer in a letter to a Mr D Holdridge at the ministry's nuclear procurement services division on 5 January. Mr Large pointed out that the document would be printed at the end of that month, so any alterations would have to be made before then.

He heard nothing until 14 February, when he received a letter from Mr Holdridge dated 24 January which said the MoD would indeed like to see the report in advance. Large immediately phoned Holdridge to tell him it was too late (the report had gone to the client two days before). He spoke to an assistant, who said with a chuckle: "Oh well, I expect we'll see a copy sooner or later."

In fact, the ministry probably already had seen it. A Datapost motorbike rider had turned up to collect it from Large's office in Bow at 3.05pm on February 12. But at 7.10pm the central dispatcher at Mount Pleasant phoned to say it had not yet arrived. (It was the bike's only pick up on that run.) An hour later, he phoned again to say the package had just arrived. On arrival at its destination in Manchester, it had clearly been opened.

Why the MoD should go to such subterfuge to obtain a document it had been offered remains a mystery. Perhaps it did not want to comment on two of its own leaked documents cited in the report. One of these suggested that the military commander at the scene of the accident should lie about the radiological risks it posed, while the other stated that any decision to evacuate a nearby town would be subject to "political" considerations.

Police 5

Hit and runaround

THE continuing concern of the Metropolitan Police to maintain a friendly and generous public image is well illustrated by the case of Miss Carol Dempster, 25, from Harrow.

Miss Dempster was driving her little Triumph Spitfire quietly down a Barnet lane when a black Ford whipped round the corner and headed straight for her. She pulled her car into the side of the road. The Ford hit the Triumph, pushing it towards the centre of the road and at once a police Rover followed, at about 90 mph. It smashed right into the Triumph, causing it serious damage. Miss Dempster staggered out of the car and wandered about helplessly while the police cursed and swore that she had helped a thief get away.

Miss Dempster, who is lowly-paid, had insured her car for third party risks, but not comprehensive-

ly. The cost of the damage was £1,000, which she does not have. Her lawyers wrote confidently to the police claims branch asking for compensation. The immediate response was that Miss Dempster "ran into" the police car, that therefore the whole accident was her fault, and that she wouldn't be getting a penny.

Her MP, Robert Hughes (Tory) indignantly took the matter up. He managed to persuade Home Office minister Lord Ferris to write to the police recommending that they pay Miss Dempster some compensation. The police refused. They pointed out that (for once) the speeding police car was pursuing a thief, and that therefore they were not liable in law and had no intention of going beyond the law or of helping a young woman who had lost her car through no fault of her own.

This friendly approach has not been supported by the Home Office. Indeed, under a new scheme set up by the Motor Insurers Bureau, uninsured drivers can now claim compensation if their car is damaged as a result of one of the ever-increasing police high-speed chases. But the scheme only operates from 1 January 1989 — Carol Dempster's "accident" happened in October 1988.

According to sources close to the claims branch of the Met, the police have decided to "dig their heels in on this one" to teach the public a lesson.

Irangate

With Jam on it

DOCUMENTS released by Irangate special prosecutor Lawrence Walsh make fascinating reading — especially for followers of the brilliant career of Sir Jams Goldsmith.

Walsh has not yet finished his inquiries and a new grand jury will look into former state department under-secretary Elliot Abrams and US ambassador to South Korea Donald Gregg. But of great interest is the deposition of former colonel Oliver North, whose personal notes have been released but only partially sanitised.

There was an intriguing call to Ollie on 12 June 1984 from the Dallas-based right-wing loony millionaire H. Ross Perot. Perot said a man called Roy Godson wanted Ollie to meet the great defender of Western democracy, Sir James.

Godson runs a crazy right-wing think tank called the National Strategy Information Centre in Washington and hangs around with spooks and unimportant defectors and publishes unreadable books. He was exposed during the Irangate hearings as laundering money for North through Germany.

The call was followed by another two days later. In a very helpful *aide-memoire* dictated to Ollie's fun loving secretary Fawn Hall, Godson is reported to have said that "Sir James is worth approximately \$1 billion, he is extremely pro-American and has demonstrated unfailing support for western democracies..."

Even more intriguing is the meeting between Ollie and the then US national security adviser Robert McFarland on 13 January 1985. Again Sir James was the topic of discussion, along with lunch with Elliot Abrams and an interesting mention of one Gene Douglas.

Readers may recall from the *Eye's* Irangate-Contra coverage a ranch in Texas called Iron Mountain. Owned by former special forces officer Charlie Beckwith, it was used for the secret training of Nicaraguan Contras. (It was Beckwith who led the abortive raid into Iran to release the American hostages in 1979.)

Gene Douglas meanwhile has a front company in Austin, Texas, called Environmental Sciences Inc. Many uncharitable things are said about it, including that it is a front for the CIA and provided logistical support for Contra training at Iron Mountain.

How the saintly Sir James's name could be associated with such people is hard to fathom, but there is a perfectly innocent explanation...



In the City

THE DEMISE of British & Commonwealth — all too predictable except to those City hacks who refused to admit their hero John Gunn was after all made of clay — and the arrival of Department of Trade & Industry inspectors at the black hole of Atlantic Computers into which B & C disappeared is certain to focus more light on the roles and responsibilities of not just Gunn but also his former key colleagues Peter Goldie and Rusty Ashman.

Both Goldie and Ashman had found the exit before Atlantic exploded. But according to some at B & C it was very much their baby — all of which raises the question of how much they knew and when did they know it. Such questions will not be discouraged by speculation that Goldie received a golden “goodbye” — worth from £100,000 to £1,000,000 — while finance director Ashman received up to £750,000.

Goldie left B & C after losing a power struggle with Gunn. But not before he, with Ashman, had been closely involved in the purchase and subsequent running of Atlantic. Gunn has since sought to dump the blame on Goldie for the Atlantic deal. While it is true that Goldie was high on Atlantic, it is also true that Gunn backed the deal all the way.

Ashman's position could be even more central to subsequent events. He after all was the finance director so should have been at least passingly aware of what was going down at Atlantic with its test to destruction accounting policies. Indeed, according to some reports he was camped down at the Staines headquarters of the leasing subsidiary for many months last year.

Perhaps if Gunn had spent less time eyeing his desired peerage, Goldie eyeing Gunn's job and Ashman covering his ass somebody might have been in charge and a £500 million hole might just have been detected. But then there are none so blind as those who cannot (or should it be will not?) see.

ONE MAN who has no reason to despair at the decline and fall of B & C is the senior executive of its advisors Barclays de Zoete Wedd who took out a “put” option when the shares were 210p last year. B & C were suspended about a year later at 54p. Just when or whether the option to sell was exercised is not clear, but what is clear is that it was merely a case of a big or bigger profit. After mention of this off colour deal in *Eye* 725 there was an internal BZW inquiry. The deal was confirmed but no action was taken. Quite right too.

QUESTION: What do the following have in common: John Gunn; Stephen Forsyth; Frank Warren; George Walker?

ANSWER: *Sunday Times* City editor Jeff Randall

QUESTION: What do they *not* have in common?

ANSWER: “Gorgeous George” is down but not yet out.

PINSTRIPE car dealer Michael Ashcroft would seem increasingly to be eyeing the world of politics. It is suggested that he would not say “no” to a post such as Tory Party treasurer — a polite word when it comes to collecting all those personal political donations from the party faithful who naturally give only for the good of the country and with no thought of personal reward.

Despite his ADT offshore base in Bermuda, Ashcroft is well placed to achieve such an honour. He has cosied up to a number of top Tories starting with Denis Thatcher whom he inherited from British Car Auctions' David Wickins. Thatcher is a trustee of the Crimestoppers charity which Ashcroft launched. Anne Parkinson is involved in another Ashcroft linked charity. But perhaps more to the point, he is very friendly with party chairman Kenneth Baker.

TIMES columnist Kenneth Fleet is never a man to forget old friends, especially those in high places and in times of need. On 9 June he penned a stirring warning against the looming “high-speed blunder” of the Government not backing with taxpayer billions the proposed European rail link between the Channel tunnel and King's Cross.

By a remarkable coincidence a 25 percent shareholder in the high-speed rail project is Trafalgar House. The chairman of Trafalgar House just happens to be Sir Nigel Brookes who has been close to Fleet for many years. British Rail is a 50 percent partner in the venture. The new chairman of BR is Sir Bob Reid. In March last year Reid, then boss of Shell UK, was the subject of an interview/advertisement for the Training Enterprise Councils. The interviewer was none other than Kenneth Fleet.

IT APPEARS there may have been some extremely well-timed purchases of convertible in Globe Investment Trust shortly before the Standard Life sold its all-important equity stake to bidders the Coal Board Pension Funds. Doubtless because of the sanctity and security of Chinese Walls this was all done without knowledge of the subsequent bid or by any of the parties involved.

EQUALLY well-timed would seem to have been the purchases of Davies & Newman shares the day in May the independent airline disclosed it was in bid talks. The shares rose 25p ahead of the news and 100p after it to 525p.

ALITTLE-NOTICED insight from the Guinness trial — if you have tears to shed prepare to shed them at Southwark Crown Court — concerns the mysterious disappearance of certain highly relevant documents concerning American Thomas Ward and the £5.2 million that made it worth his while to stand by his friend “scapegoat” Ernest Saunders.

Jersey company administrator Michael Dee told the court that the documents were never seen again after an American associate of Ward's came to examine the file regarding Marketing & Acquisition Consultants which received the money from Guinness. Clearly the actions of an innocent man.

AN INTERESTING insight into the management style of the other name missing from the Saunders roadshow, Ephraim Margulies, is provided by a former executive of Berisford International. One of Margulies's sons accompanied him to a meeting. Told that his presence was no longer required, he was directed towards a door. He promptly walked into a closet and remained there until told by his father to come out some considerable time later.

DESPITE exhorting others to do their duty to support Mrs Thatcher in her hour of need, it appears that the Great Unbundler (Failed), Sir James Goldsmith, has once again written off Britain.

On returning from a visit to the Far East he has been regaling his courtiers with the view that he has seen the future and it is Japan. The United States fails to appreciate his talents and Europe is once again in decline. Even China, it seems, is preferable. All of which suggests that he may be looking for the exit rather than the entrance at Ranks Hovis McDougall. But where would he find a buyer?

FORMER Kleinwort Benson banker John MacArthur is one who has not lost faith in the phoney pharaoh Mohammed Fayed, despite the DTI's exposure of the non-existent billions which MacArthur trumpeted on TV. Indeed it may be that a few Fayed financial crumbs may have found their way to the banker's corporate advice boutique, MacArthur & Co.

AFTER the Malcolm Forbes revelation, who will be the next City figure to come roaring out of the closet? What about a well-known City editor? Or perhaps the merchant banker Queen of Canonbury?

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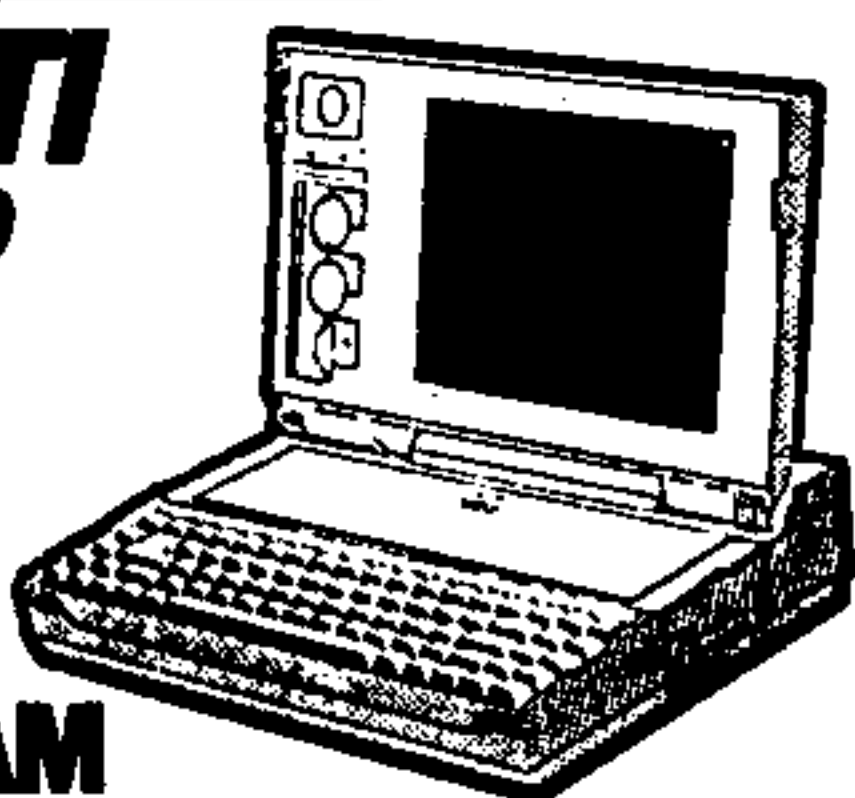
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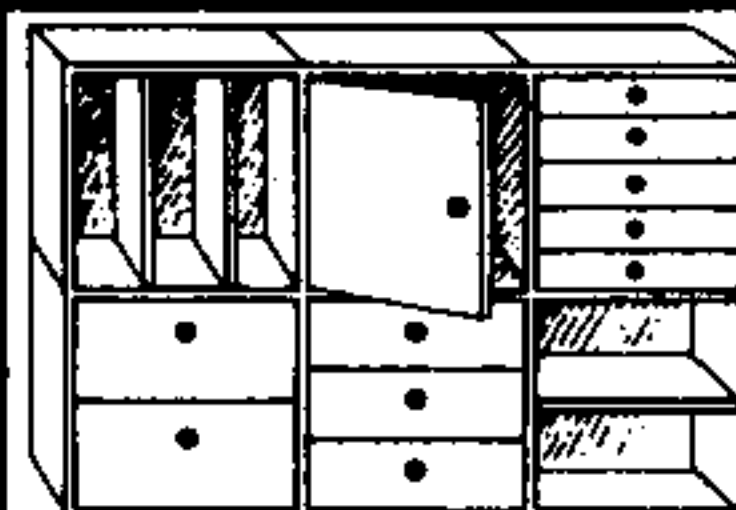
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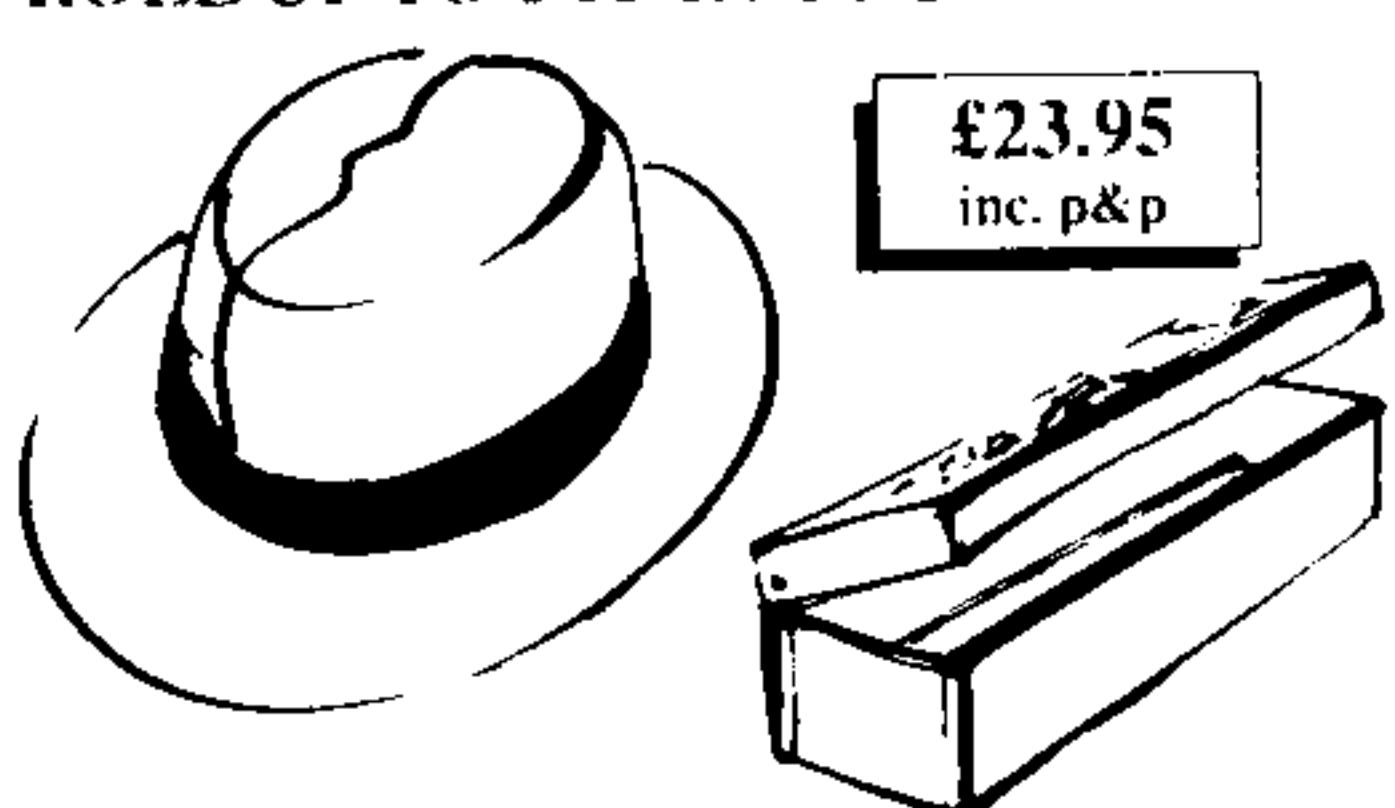
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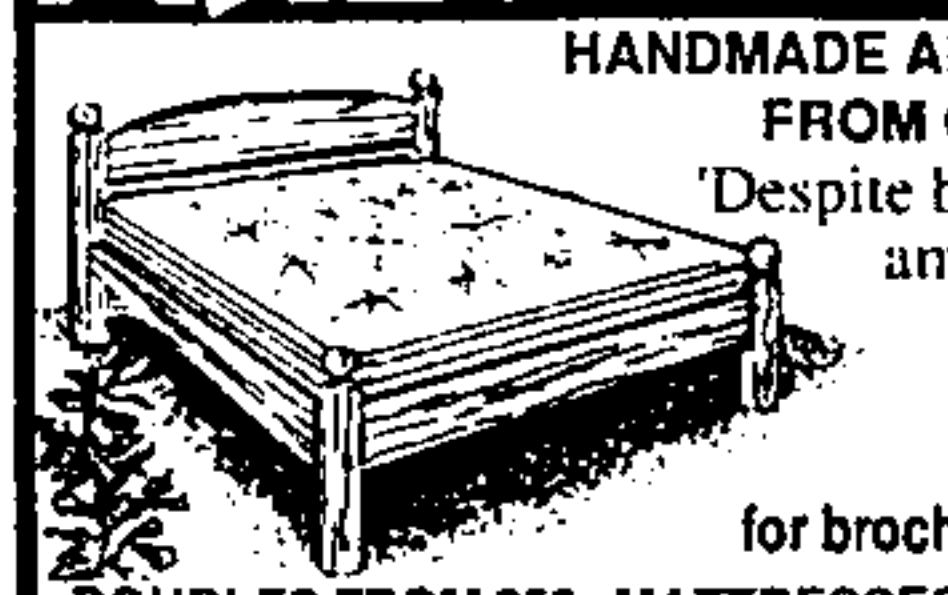
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1844

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please. Box 2444

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5544

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college debts. Box 3444

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ately. Box 3544

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welcome to clear debts. Box 3644

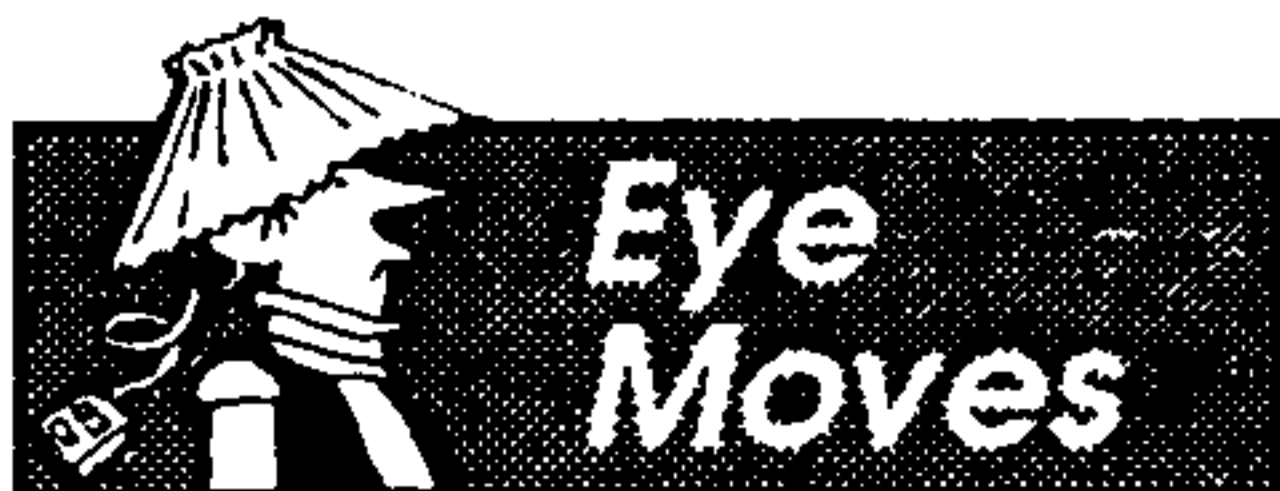
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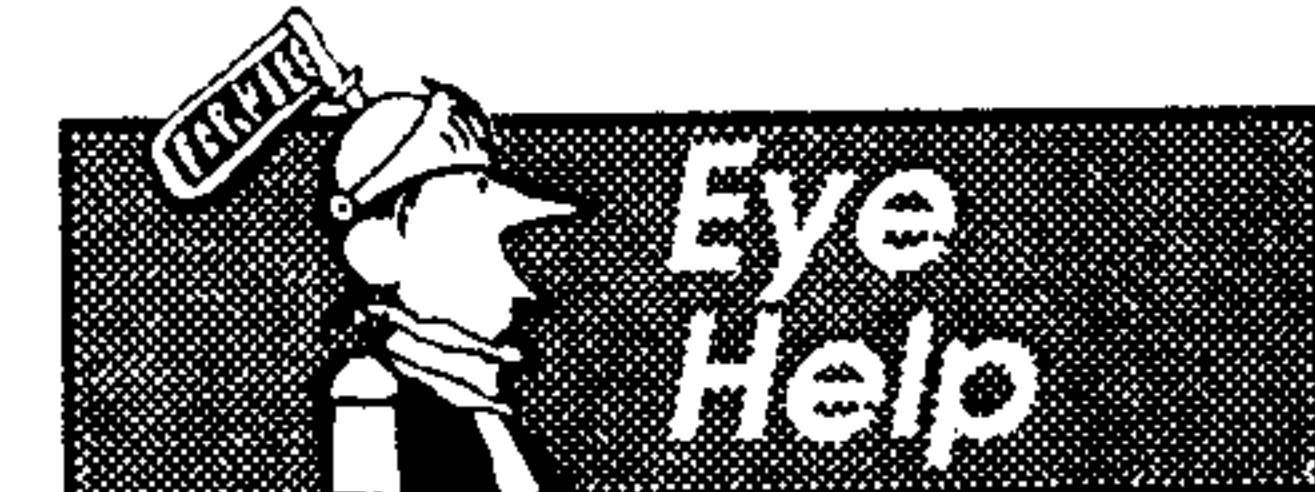
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SEDUCTRESS required to lure young man. Must be youngish, intelligent, unselfish and very pretty. I will do the planning and you will reap the rewards. Confidentiality essential. Box 1144.

VALIUM required. Will pay. Write to Philip Edwards, Poste Restante, Burton-on-Trent Post Office. Staffs.

CELEBRITY or person who just mixes in right circles wanted to name drop for 'Brilliant' Architects practice. Money/Free design to right person. Box 1044



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GOLDEN KEY? 071 937 2037

25 YEAR-OLD seeks world travel companion, leaving October. Box 4144

YOUNG PROFESSIONALS (female) throwing party (London) end June. Interesting single men and women (25-40) write now with phone number to Kate, Appt. 43, 103-109 Lavender Hill, Battersea, London SW11 5QL

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PENFRIENDS — USA. Make lasting friendships through correspondence. Send age, interests. Free reply. HARMONY, Box 82295PE, Phoenix, Arizona 85071, USA.

LADIES: financially secure American and Australian gents seek friendship/marriage. Details SAE B. ROBERTSON, Qupadate, PO Box 3, Moston, Manchester M9 1EZ.



L. BENNETT (Sagittarius). Please write, address, telephone number offered to tally unobtainable. Box 10344

OPTIMISTIC WOMAN journalist, 32, seeks stimulating, wholesome, monogamous male counterpart (London). Box 12044.

ELIGIBLE bachelor, 31, tall, strong, handsome and kind, seeks pretty, blonde, public-school girlfriend. (Send photo) Box 6642.

LONDON-BASED professional man (29) with sense of humour and varied conversational topics seeks intelligent, outgoing, independent and communicative female. Enjoys walks, meals, chatting and days out to escape from life's routines and usual commitments. Personality counts most but a photo would be appreciated. Tell me about yourself. Box 7341.

GOOD-LOOKING, wealthy businessman (39) dying slowly from terminal marriage seeks miracle cure. If you are in a similar situation and would like to be pampered please write with photograph if possible. Discretion assured. West Midlands/anywhere. Box 12043

THIS WEEK'S star prize of half of a dinner for two goes to the handsome, affluent gentleman (40-50ish) who will rescue slim, attractive, caring lady from N/Yorkshire. Please write with photo. Box 4744

DIVORCED MALE (42), long-term ex-part recently returned home to N/E Scotland. Interests: travel and outdoor life. Looking for attractive woman in her 30's to share interests. Photo and letter please. Box 4844

ATTRACTIVE slim female, 31 seeks attractive successful male for fun and romance. Photo appreciated. London/SE. Box 4944

PROFESSIONAL Asian male graduate. 24, attractive, intelligent and independent, but inexperienced. Desperately seeks open-minded lady for sex education. Hampshire Box 5044

Box number replies are forwarded every 8 days or so. A box number remains open for 2 months.

TALL, DARK Handsome doctor, 30ish, slim, great bedside manner, seeks volunteer lady patient (25-35) for general (and specific) mutual physical examinations. Only healthy specimens need apply. Photo essential. Box 5344

OXON/GLOS Woman, 29, graduate, recently left London, loves books, long walks, foreign films, seeks company of well-read imaginative man with sense of humour. Box 5444

SINGLE, solvent, amusing knight. 31, caring and romantic with newly cleaned shining armour. Would like to rescue damsel in boring relationship. Letter and photo please. Anywhere south. Box 5644

MAD MASCULINIST seeks ravaging feminist for mutual pole-axing, with view to Elysian dreams and the odd night on the town. Brighton. Box 5744

GRADUATE MALE 48, unattached and easy-going, visiting Britain soon. Seeks company of British lady of any age to explore Britain and be shown British way of life. Box 5844

EX-PATRIATE 46, 6'2". N/S. Divorced (my fault), returning to UK (Kent) June/July, would like to correspond at first with lively, intelligent, witty lady who is looking for a change in lifestyle. I am literate, travelled, overweight, fun, loving/caring, (that's what's missing), own house in Portugal. At the very least I can offer an entertaining lunch/dinner if we meet. Box 5944

ECLECTIC, young, normal, attractive man (33), leftish lawyer with many friends and interests. Seeks independent, stylish woman to share as much as one ever shares with anyone else (Autumn holiday?). North. Will travel. Please write with 'photo. Box 5144

L'AMOUR L'APRÈS-MIDI. Amusing literary gentleman, 42, seeks adventurous, inventive female partner for discreet peccadilloes in lush Wharfedale. Box 5244

WARM, SINGLE well-educated, OK, mid-40s (coming on 21) male, would like to meet feminine lass. If not fall in love, let's share and laugh. Box 6044

DIVORCED, WARM loving, sincere but lonely intelligent man, 50's, seeks a nice lady for a happy relationship. 70 miles radius around Chester. All letters answered. Box 6144

Box numbers are for privacy. If you don't want your address to appear pay £6 extra and we will allocate a box number to your ad. Your replies will be posted to us and we will forward them to you privately.

ZANY (Geddit) Guy 38, wakes to the sound of one hand clapping, seeks the union of creative energy and thought. Box 6244

TALLBOY ca. 1950, good original condition, seeks smart, double-fronted dresser with fine legs. Repro model acceptable. South East. Box 6344

IS IT TRUE that all independent, intelligent, attractive females are in "ongoing" relationships? I'm 39, male, single and need to know. Box 6444

CHAP THINKS he's extraordinarily eligible bachelor but sees wild parties giving way to sproggeting couples. This chap is a young 38, tall, educated, entertaining and good-looking, writes, flies, travels, directs, soon to retire. Reckons an early 30's graduate girl with looks, humour and style should be seriously impressed. Photo welcome. London SW. Box 6544

WOMAN (31, 5'7" attractive, witty) seeks soulmate/lover. Preferably non-smoking gentle-fiant type who enjoys quiet pubs, lazy Sundays and good conversation. Age immaterial! Maturity essential. Yorks/Lancs. Box 6644

MALE GRADUATE 27, humorous, nice guy. Seeks bright, attractive female for fun and cuddles, food, films, whatever. Photo appreciated, Manchester area. Box 6744

MALE, JUST 40, own business. Interests music, dining, cars, travel, seeks attractive female 25-35 with sense of humour to share the joys of life and live happily ever after. Photo appreciated. All replies answered. North Staffs, South Cheshire. Box 10944

SMART, good looking man, 30, seeking attractive woman, possibly older, to enjoy life's pleasures. Champagne, flowers, romance and more guaranteed. Photos exchanged. ALA. Box 11044.

BEAUTIFUL BLACK lady, 30, shapely, seeks white professional, London, for love/marriage. Photo prerequisite. Box 11144.

ATTRACTIVE Oxford-based female graduate (24), N/S, warm, lively, amusing, likes books, cinema, art, animals, walking, countryside, good food. Seeks male equivalent. Photo appreciated. Box 11244.

VERY FIT, good looking male, 28, Oxford. Seeks good looking career girl (24-34) Oxford/London. Background irrelevant, but must be an achiever. Suggest photo with reply. Box 11344.

INEXPERIENCED 21 year old male seeks older woman under 40 for fun/friendship. Photo essential. Box 8144

FABULOUS Father Figure seeks Electrifying 30s Electra. Share Southern Sun, Sail, Sea, Sand. Box 8244

DEVILISHLY HANDSOME Egotist, 21, seeks woman with own kettle. Box 9544

GLASGOW DOCTOR 30, happy, healthy but restless and single again, seeks girl under 30 for fun and games plus whatever else develops. Possibly in longterm emigration to colonies. Box 10644

TALL, EDUCATED dominant male (29) seeks submissive younger female. All Fantasies answered. Box 10744

WARM, WONDERFUL professional woman (40), weary of wastrels, seeks a reflective, humorous, unattached man for mutual life enhancement. SE. Box 10844

BLONDE attractive slim 30 year old female would like to meet an older business professional gentleman for an uncomplicated relationship. 10244

GOOD NATURED, down to earth geordie (tall, handsome, brilliantly witty, etc.) 28, London-based. Requires intelligent, funny, well-read girlfriend (26-30). So, er... there y'go. Letter and photo for letter and photo. Box 10444

LITTLE ROUND sweetie (32) wants to be lovingly unwrapped by a sophisticated darling older man. London/SE. ALA. Box 10544

TALL, BLONDE, feminine and very busy lady executive would like to hear from an equally busy professional gentleman, circa 50, interested in weekend companionship for outdoor activities, cultural pursuits, gastronomic delights, etc. etc. London, Middx., Herts. Reply to box 8044

BRIGHT MALE Cotswold author (35) seeks sparky female arts graduate (27+) for theatre, lavish meals, opera etc. Box 6844

WORKED me butt off all week for 130 quid. I'm a working class male - 32, attractive, bright(ish) alternative and I'm yearning for a wealthy slim, sexy, old fashioned wench to spoil me. Any age or race. Box 6944

MAN, 32 affectionate, warm, kind, reasonable-looking, graduate (married). Seeks woman (hopefully) for long-term friendship. Based Harrow. Letter guarantees reply. Photo even better. Box 7044

MANCHESTER SELNEC area. Male 48, graduate, civil servant, tall, slim, enjoys sport and other simple things. Present live-in relationship dying from natural causes. Separate existence. Seeks Tall, slim, medium female friend. Photo appreciated, not essential tel. no. Box 7144

NORTH-EAST ACADEMIC male, mid-forties, tall, funny, not unattractive, seeks female, 25-35, perhaps securely married like himself but desiring discreet relationship. Confidentiality assured. Box 7244

DEPRIVED Sex Maniac. Male 19 seeks woman 19-23 with similar dilemma to discuss remedy. West Midlands Area. Box 7444

ABERDEEN Oil rig worker (37). Hopelessly tied up, into OU and hang gliding, seeks lady for daytime pursuits and FUN on days off. Box 7544

OFTEN SKINT, bright(ish) attractive male (33), yearning for unattached female with wistful eyes and warm heart. Box 7644

EXPAT, 40s perilously close to going 'bush' requires correspondence course in rehabilitation from female with sense of humour and broad mind. Summer school to follow? Box 7744

CITY SOLICITOR 39, enjoys having fun, escaping rat race and city, likes Italy, Scotland, new places and attractive women. Seeks latter to participate in former. Photo S.V.P. Box 7844

ARE YOU: good fun, intelligent, kind and attractive? So am I - also 43 and female, living in Oxfordshire and liking theatre, film, travel and meeting people. Box 7944

TALENTED MAN with lusty appetite and understanding wife seeks that little bit extra with adventurous woman who will appreciate imagination and stamina. Box 9644

SINGLE EDUCATED LADY with whimsical smile who enjoys male company, intelligent intimate conversation, dancing, travel, being cared for and caressed offered support of successful single professional medical director living alone in Kensington. Photo, telephone no. Box 9744

YOUNG NAVAL OFFICER, 23, seeks stylish lady with sense of humour for weekend rendezvous and serious socialising. London/Surrey. Photo appreciated. Box 9844

HAPPILY MARRIED Gemini, 52, wishes to meet attractive lady for occasional afternoons of discreet dalliance. Thames Valley area. Box 9944

ATTRACTIVE FEMALE, early 40s, seeks older, successful generous male to spoil her and pamper her. Discretion assured. E Mid./Anywhere Box 10044

PROFESSIONAL, GRADUATE male, 30, seeks woman, preferably graduate, for warm, caring relationship, London Box 10144

DECADENT HANDSOME Fit 5'10" 48 year old lecturer, with a sense of style, recently returned from world tour, seeks similar female companion to avoid middle-aged respectability. Loves theatre, mountain walking, cooking and Berlin night clubs. Canterbury, anywhere. Box 9144

RETIRED OXFORD graduate, 63, Manchester area, seeks bright, caring, steady ladyfriend. Box 9244

WARM WITTY London evacuee (30) seeks humorous male to show her rewards of Devon life. Likes music, pubs etc. and long letters with photos. Box 9344

CHRISTIAN MAN, 30, wishes to meet fun-loving lady, 20-29, Manchester. Telephone number please to Box 11444.

MALE (29), single, professional, easy-going, active, nearly sane. Seeks similar lady. Manchester - Birmingham area. Box 11544.

TALL, DARK, attractive company director. Gemini with great sense of humour. Seeks attractive young lady, 25-35, looking for exciting "fling" with no complications. Discretion guaranteed. Photo and phone no. appreciated. Box 11644.

UNCOMPLICATED, thirtysomething Rosalind seeks her rural Orlando for picnics, chateauf du pape and Puccini. Mid-country. Box 11744.

ATTRACTIVE FEMALE, works London, would like to hear from doctors/professional men. View to romance but permanent relationship. Box 11944.

PROFESSIONAL MALE, 33, with writers cramp seeks intelligent, adventurous, stylish lady scribe, 25-40, (N/S) to ease pain. Sense of humour essential. Phone and photo? ALA. Box 11844.

INTELLIGENT well-educated female (39) slim, attractive seeks intelligent man for fun and possibly lasting relationship. I enjoy theatre, cinema, talking, bridge, tennis, but will try almost anything once! London/South East. Box 8344

ATTRACTIVE English entrepreneur, 34, 5'11", good company, bright, alert, E. London and Kentish homes, seeks younger, healthy, lively lady, (any status) for overt/secret liaison! Box 8444

MALE CYCLIST seeks similar female to explore country and life. Bristol area. Box 8544

MALE 21, Tall, educated, humorous, seeks warm, affectionate, attractive, romantic girlfriend. London. Letter/photo appreciated. Box 8644

SINGLE 28, Man, musical 5'8" graduate seeks female friend mid-Scotland, Fife. 20-30, photo appreciated. Box 8744

TWO HANDSOME (mid-20s) Graduate naval lieutenants, with own willies, looking for deep and meaningless relationships. Interests: drinking heavily and amnesia. Would love to forget your name. No dogs or nurses. Box 8844

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MAN 35 Intelligent, single, sincere, seeks ample matronly sensual lady for caring lasting relationship. Midlands, anywhere. Box 9444

LOW MILEAGE classic model, exclusive trim in pristine condition. Seeks caring non-smoking male who must be well travelled, well educated, sense of humour, unattached and into top gear. Recent photo and phone number please. Box 7344

WARM, LITERATE unattached professional male, 30, seeks intelligent, assertive, possibly older woman for adventurous relationship. Photo and phone if possible. Midlands/anywhere. Box 8944

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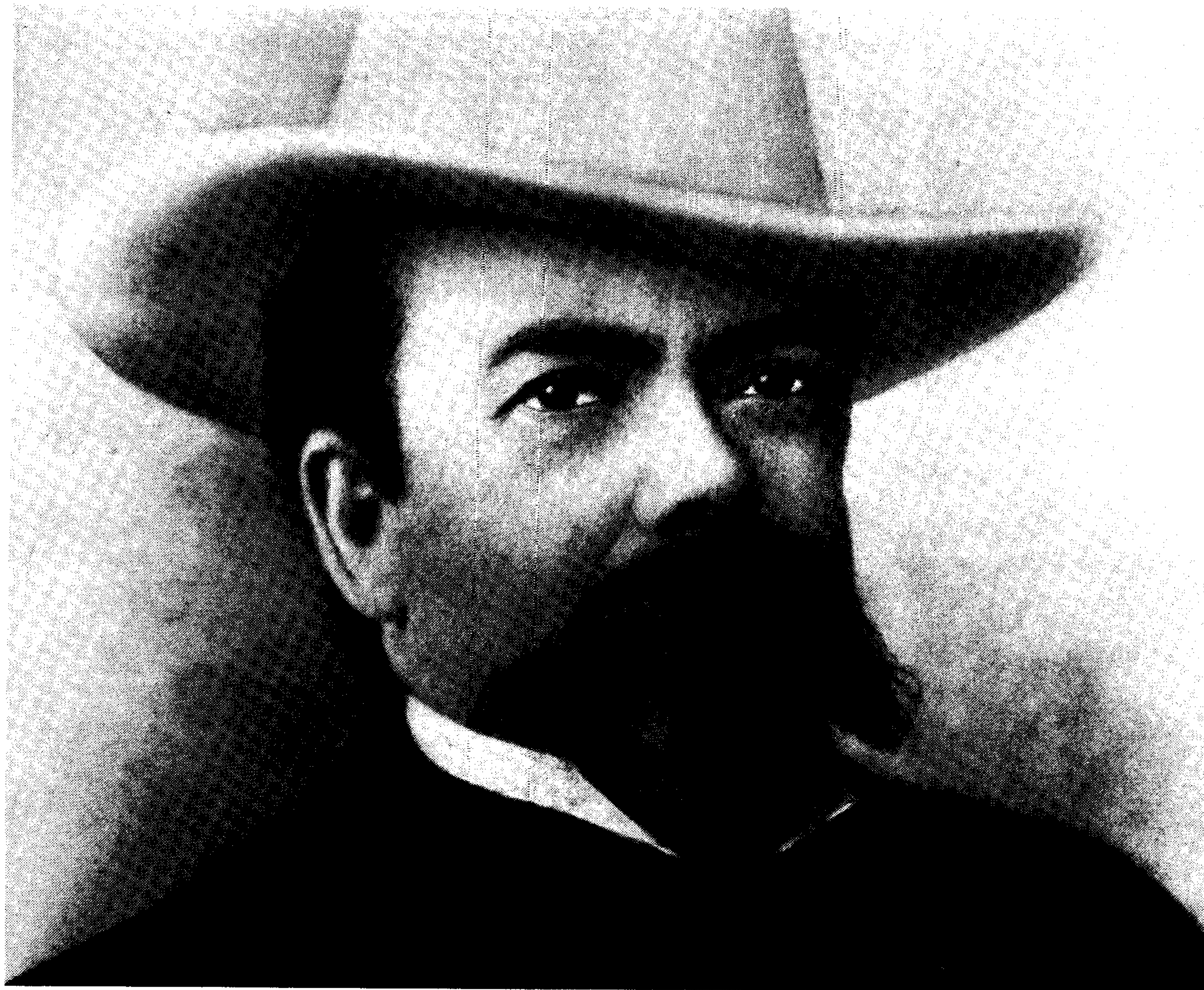
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